The Messenger

WORLD'S GREATEST NEGRO MONTHLY

JULY, 1926

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writes in this issue on

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By SCOTT NEARING

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By HARRY ELMER BARNES

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MENTION THE MESSENGER

TOWARD THE HOME STRETCH

By FRANK W. CROSSWAITH

Special Organizer

With the eyes of the Nation turned upon it, and the hearts of a race beating with mingled hope and prayer for its victory, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters turns its head, figuratively speaking, toward the home stretch. Seldom, if ever before, has a group of workers in their struggle to rid themselves of some of the cob webs of industrial oligarchy succeeded in attracting as much attention and gained such widespread sympathy as in the case of the 12,000 Negroes employed as Porters and Maids by the Pullman Company. Students of labor history, experienced labor leaders, aged preachers and politicians all have marvelled at the picturesque figure cast upon the American industrial stage by the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, for, the Brotherhood's success has shattered many of the beliefs and left over ideas about the Negro worker and his capacity to function in the industrial realm; it has also given fresh courage to our friends who believe in the humanhood of the Negro race.

In the success of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters there lies a lesson of deep import both to organized labor and organized capital. To the former it sounds the advanced note of the arrival of the Negro worker into the ranks of the organized labor movement to play its part in tearing down the color bar which has so long divided labor. To the latter, it is a warning that the end of the day is at hand when the unorganized Negro worker can be so handily used by capital in its struggle with labor. In the world of thinking men and women, the above truths are clearly recognized. The Nation Magazine, in its issue of June 9th carried an editorial on "The Pullman Porter" in which appears this significant paragraph: "These men who punch our pillows and shine our shoes and stow our bags under the seat bear in their black hands no little responsibility for the industrial future of their race."

Already unorganized Negro workers in almost every industry are beginning to look with inquiring eyes to the Brotherhood for council and leadership in their endeavor to organize and equip themselves the better to grapple with the problem of making a living. That Negro workers have been systematically kept out of the labor movement will not be denied by any honest and fair-minded person familiar with the story of American labor. The story is a long and gruesome one tempered only with a few saving instances which need not be mentioned here. It is quite apropos to say, however—and it is now generally admitted—that labor, by bending before the color line did much to weaken itself in its struggle with capital and to justify the antagonism evinced up to but recently by Negro workers toward the cause of labor. On the other hand such tragedies as East St. Louis, Chicago, Cartharet, etc., tell more eloquently than words can how organized capital has profited from the rift made by color prejudices in the ranks of labor.

With the onward sweep of our industrial developments and their attendant social evils and advantages it was inevitable that the Negro worker would be drawn more fully into the conflict between our industrial masters and the working class. That he would enter the struggle so defiantly enthusiastic, was not expected by even those who had given some serious thought to the perplexing questions of labor and capital. But, contrary to calculations he not only proudly entered the list, but with lightning rapidity broke down some of the traditions falsely attributed to his race, and established a new record in the history of workers organizing in the United States; he also brings with him those admirable attributes for which the race is noted. The spiritual zest and fervor carefully cultivated during the days of slavery; his courage, so often attested to by all who know the military and pioneer history of the United States, his devotion and faithfulness to a cause in which he believes, and above all, his soul sweetening music which has given America a place high in the musical world. All of these he brings to the organized workers of the United States, as can be observed at the meetings of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

When one recalls some of the stories that have gone the rounds of this country and the world anent the eternal, inescapable and fundamental difference (sic) between the Negro and white man, it is not such a hard matter to understand the general interest and surprise which the spectacular growth and expansion of the Brotherhood has caused. To have expected that 12,000 Negroes would continue to accept unquestioningly a condition of employment which denied them a living wage, which subjected them to inhumanly long hours of work and which demanded of them the submersion of their manhood by making public beggars of them, is to envince a sort of juvenile optimism that is deserving of the utmost pity.

In spite of the deplorable conditions attendant upon the porter's employment, however, it might safely be said that the rapid progress and success of the Brotherhood is due to the resourcefulness and courage of the General Organizer. This young Negro, with a social vision, brought to the Pullman Porters' movement a rich experience and thorough training in labor problems, economics, sociology, history, etc. It can be stated that seldom has a leader of any group assumed active leadership so thoroughly prepared as is the case with A. Philip Randolph. For over ten years this pioneer Negro labor leader struggled against the organized ignorance of his group and the wide-spread prejudice of the whites in an effort to bring the liberating message of industrial freedom to Negro workers. We quite vividly recall the apathy, the open and subtle hostility and fear which greeted him and his colleagues in the early morn of their crusading days.

Now, however, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is an established fact, its roots are sunk deep in the life of the American people. As the days roll into weeks and months, and the months into years, its influence will spread wider and deeper until all the workers of the Nation realize that the fate of the whole working class is inextricably bound up with that of every section of the working class. When this truth is accepted by the tortured toilers of the land, it will mean the dawning of a new day, and a realization of the prophetic advice, uttered by one of the world's great benefactors: *"Workers of the World Unite!* You have nothing to lose but your chains, you have a world to gain"; and, in that day, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters will sink its identity into a bigger and nobler Brotherhood.

White Vanity

The moon is laughing at the sky;
The pale white moon derides the black-faced sky:
You should not be so bold, vain moon,
Your song would be a listless tune
Did not it's strains come echoing back
From off the sky so dark, so black.

EDWARD S. SILVERA.

HANNAH BYDE

By DOROTHY WEST

One comes upon Hannah in her usual attitude of bitter resignation, gazing listlessly out of the window of her small, conventionally, cheaply furnished parlor. Hannah, a gentle woman crushed by environment, looking dully down the stretch of drab tomorrows littered with the ruins of shattered dreams.

She had got to the point, in these last few weeks, when the touch of her husband's hand on hers, the inevitable proximity in a four-room flat, the very sound of his breathing swept a sudden wave of nausea through her body, sickened her, soul and body and mind.

There were moments—frightful even to her—when she pictured her husband's dead body, and herself, in hypocritical black, weeping by his bier; or she saw her own repellent corpse swirling in a turgid pool and laughed a little madly at the image.

But there were times, too—when she took up her unfinished sack for the Joneses new baby—when a fierce, strange pain would rack her, and she, breath coming in little gasps, would sink to the floor, clutching at the tiny garment, and, somehow, soothed, would be a little girl again with plaited hair, a little eager, visioning girl—"Mama, don't cry! Some day I'll be rich an' ev'rything. You'll see, mama!"—instead of a spiritless woman of thirty who, having neither the courage nor strength to struggle out of the mire of mediocrity, had married, at twenty, George Byde, simply because the enticing honeymoon to Niagara would mark the first break in the uneventful circle of her life.

Holiday crowds hurrying in the street . . . . bits of gay banter floating up to her . . . . George noisily rustling his paper . . . . Wreaths in the shop window across the street . . . . a proud black family in a new red car . . . . George uttering intermittent, expressive little grunts . . . . A blind beggar finding a lost dollar bill . . . . a bullying policeman running in a drunk . . . . George, in reflective mood, beating a pencil against his teeth—

With a sharp intake of breath she turned on him fiercely, her voice trembling with stifled rage, angry tears filming her eyes.

"For God's sake, stop! You'll drive me mad!"

He dropped his paper. His mouth fell open. He got to his feet, a great, coarse, not unkindly, startled giant. "Hannah, I ain't—What under the sun's the matter with you?"

She struggled for composure. "It's nothing. I'm sorry. Sorry, George." But her eyes filled with pain.

He started toward her and stopped as he saw her stiffen. He said quietly, "Hannah, you ain't well. You ain't never bin like this."

She was suddenly forced into the open. "No," she said clearly, "I'm not well. I'm sick—sick to death of you, and your flat, and your cheap little friends. Oh," she said, her voice choked with passion, "I'd like to throw myself out of this window. Anything—anything to get away! I hate you!"

She swayed like some yellow flower in the wind, and for a moment there was the dreadful silence of partial revelation.

He fumbled, "No, no, hon. You're jes' nervous. I know you women. Jes' you set down. I'll go see if Doc's home."

She gave a deep sigh. Habitual apathy dulled her tone. "Please don't bother. I'm all right. It's nerves, I guess. Sometimes the emptiness of my life frightens me."

A slow anger crept over him. His lips seemed to thicken. "Look here, Hannah, I'm tiahed of your foolishness. There's limits to what a man will stand. Guess I give you ev'rything anybody else's got. You never have nothing much to do here. Y' got a phonygraph—and all them new records. Y' got a piano. I give you money las' week to buy a new dress. And yisterday y' got new shoes. I ain't no millionaire, Hannah. Ain't no man livin' c'n do better'n his best."

She made a restless, weary little gesture. She began to loathe him. She felt an almost insane desire to hurt him deeply, cruelly. She was like a taunting mother goading her child to tears.

"Of course I appreciate your sacrifice." Her voice shook a little with rising hysteria. "You're being perfectly splendid. You feed me. You clothe me. You've bought me a player piano which I loathe—flaunting emblem of middle-class existence—Oh, don't go to the trouble of trying to understand that—And a stupid victrola stocked with the dreadful noises of your incomparable Mamie Waters. Oh, I'm a happy, contented woman! 'There never is anything to do here.'" She mocked in a shrill, choked voice. "Why, what in God's name is there to do in a dark, badly furnished, four-room flat? Oh, if I weren't such a cowardly fool, I'd find a way out of all this!"

The look of a dangerous, savage beast dominated his face. He stood, in this moment, revealed. Every vestige of civilization had fled. One saw then the flatness of his close-cropped head, the thick, bull-like shortness of his neck, the heavy nose spreading now in a fierce gust of uncontrollable anger, the beads of perspiration that had sprung out on his upper lip, one wondered then how the gentlewoman Hannah could have married him. Shut her eyes against his brutal coarseness, his unredeemed ignorance—here no occasional, illiterate appreciation of the beautiful—his lack of spiritual needs, his bodily wants.

And yet one sees them daily, these sensitive, spiritless Negro women caught fast in the tentacles of awful despair. Almost, it seems, they shut their eyes and make a blind plunge, inevitably to be sucked down, down into the depths of dreadful existence.

He started toward her, and she watched his approach with contemptuous interest. She had long ago ceased to fear him. She had learned to whip him out of a mood with the lash of her scathing tongue. And now she waited, almost hoping for the miracle of his heavy hand blotting out her weary life.

He was trembling. His eyes were black with rage. His speech was thick. "By God, you drive me mad! If I was any kind of man I'd beat you till you ran blood. I must have been crazy to marry you. You—you—!"

There was a sharp rapping at the door, drowning his crazy words. Hannah smiled faintly, almost compassionately.

"The psychological moment. What a pity, George."

She crossed the floor, staggering for an instant with a sudden, sharp pain. She opened the door and unconsciously caught her lip in vexation as she admitted her visitor.

"Do come in," she said, almost dryly.

Tillie entered. Tillie, the very recent, very pretty, very silly wife of Doctor Hill: a newly wed popular girl finding matrimony just a bit cramping.

She entered boldly, anticipating and ignoring the palpable annoyance in the stern set of Hannah's face. She even shrugged a little, a kind of wriggling that her friends undoubtedly called "cute." She spoke in the unmistakable tone of the middle-class Negro.

"Hello, you! And big boy George! I heard you all walking about downstairs, so I came on up. I bin sittin' by myself all evenin'. Even the gas went out. Here it's New Year's eve, I'm all dolled up, got an invite to a swell shebang sittin' pretty on my dresser—and my sweet daddy walks out on a case! Say, wouldn't that make you leave your happy home?"

George enjoyed it. He grinned sympathetically. Here was a congenial, jazz-loving soul, and, child-like, he

promptly shelved his present grievance. He wanted to show off. He wanted, a little pathetically, to blot out the hovering bitterness of Hannah in the gay comraderie of Tillie.

He said eagerly, "Got some new records, Tillie."

She was instantly delighted. "Yeh? Run 'em round the green."

She settled herself in a comfortable chair and crossed her slim legs. Hannah went to the window in customary isolation.

George made a vain search of the cabinet. "Where're them records, Hannah?" he asked.

"On the table ledge," she murmured fretfully.

He struggled to his feet and shuffled over to the table. "Lord," he grumbled, "you ain't undone 'em yet?"

"I've been too tired," she answered wearily.

He and Tillie exchanged mocking glances. He sighed expressively, and Tillie snickered audibly. But their malicious little shafts fell short of the unheeding woman who was beating a sharp, impatient tattoo on the window pane.

George swore softly.

"Whassa matter?" asked Tillie. "Knot?"

He jerked at it furiously. "This devilish string."

"Will do," she asserted companionably. "Got a knife?"

"Yep." He fished in his pocket, produced it. "Here we go." The razor-sharp knife split the twine. "All set." He flung the knife, still open, on the table.

The raucous notes of a jazz singer filled the room. The awful blare of a frenzied colored orchestra, the woman's strident voice swelling, a great deal of "high brown baby" and "low down papa" to offend sensitive ears, and Tillie saying admiringly, "Ain't that the monkey's itch?"

From below came the faint sound of someone clumping, a heavy man stamping snow from his boots. Tillie sprang up, fluttered toward George.

"Jim, I'll bet. Back. You come down with me, G. B., and maybe you c'n coax him to come on up. I got a bottle of somethin' good. We'll watch the new year in and drink its health."

George obediently followed after. "Not so worse. And there oughta be plenty o' stuff in our ice-box. Scare up a little somethin', Hannah. We'll be right back."

As the door banged noisily, Hannah, with a dreadful rush of suppressed sobs, swiftly crossed the carpeted floor, cut short the fearful din of the record, and stood, for a trembling moment, with her hands pressed against her eyes.

Presently her sobs quieted, and she moaned a little, whimpering, too, like a fretful child. She began to walk restlessly up and down, whispering crazily to herself. Sometimes she beat her doubled fists against her head, and ugly words befouled her twisted lips. Sometimes she fell upon her knees, face buried in her outflung arms, and cried aloud to God.

Once, in her mad, sick circle of the room, she staggered against the table, and the hand that went out to steady her closed on a bit of sharp steel. For a moment she stood quite still. Then she opened her eyes, blinking them free of tears. She stared fixedly at the knife in her hand. She noted it for the first time: initialed, heavy, black, four blades, the open one broken off at the point. She ran her fingers along its edge. A drop of blood spurted and dripped from the tip of her finger. It fascinated her. She began to think: this is the tide of my life ebbing out. And suddenly she wanted to see it run swiftly. She wanted terribly to be drained dry of life. She wanted to feel the outgoing tide of existence.

She flung back her head. Her voice rang out in a strange, wild cry of freedom.

But in the instant when she would have freed her soul, darkness swirled down upon her. Wave upon wave of impenetrable blackness in a mad surge. The knife fell away. Her groping hands were like bits of aimless driftwood. She could not fight her way through to consciousness. She plunged deeply into the terrible vastness that roared about her ears.

And almost in awful mockery the bells burst into sound, ushering out the old, heralding the new: for Hannah, only a long, grey twelve month of pain-filled, soul-starved days.

As the last, loud note died away, Tillie burst into the room, followed by George and her husband, voluble in noisy badinage. Instantly she saw the prostrate figure of Hannah and uttered a piercing shriek of terror.

"Oh, my God! Jim!" she cried, and cowered fearfully against the wall, peering through the lattice of her fingers.

George, too, stood quite still, an half empty bottle clutched in his hand, his eyes bulging grotesquely, his mouth falling open, his lips ashen. Instinctively although the knife lay hidden in the folds of her dress, he felt that she was dead. Her every prophetic, fevered word leaped to his suddenly sharpened brain. He wanted to run away and hide. It wasn't fair of Hannah to be lying there mockingly dead. His mind raced ahead to the dreadful details of inquest and burial, and a great resentment welled in his heart. He began to hate the woman he thought lay dead.

Doctor Hill, puffing a little, bent expertly over Hannah. His eye caught the gleam of steel. Surreptitiously he pocketed the knife and sighed. He was a kindly, fat, little bald man with an exhaustless fund of sympathy. Immediately he had understood. That was the way with morbid, self-centered women like Hannah.

He raised himself. "Poor girl, she's fainted. Help me with her, you all."

When they had laid her on the couch, the gay, frayed, red couch with the ugly rent in the centre Hannah's nerve-tipped fingers had torn, Jim sent them into the kitchen.

"I want to talk to her alone. She'll come around in a minute."

He stood above her, looking down at her with incurious pity. The great black circles under her eyes enhanced the sad dark beauty of her face. He knew suddenly, with a tinge of pain, how different would have been her life, how wide the avenues of achievement, how eager the acclaiming crowd, how soft her bed of ease, had this gloriously golden woman been born white. But there was little bitterness in his thoughts. He did not resignedly accept the black man's unequal struggle, but he philosophically foresaw the eventual crashing down of all unjust barriers.

Hannah stirred, moaned a little, opened her eyes, in a quick flash of realization stifled a cry with her hand fiercely pressed to her lips. Doctor Hill bent over her, and suddenly she began to laugh, ending it dreadfully in a sob.

"Hello, Jim," she said, "I'm not dead, am I? I wanted so badly to die."

Weakly she tried to rise, but he forced her down with a gentle hand. "Lie quiet, Hannah," he said.

Obediently she lay back on the cushion, and he sat beside her, letting her hot hand grip his own. She smiled, a wistful, tragic, little smile.

"I had planned it all so nicely, Jim. George was to stumble upon my dead body—his own knife buried in my throat—and grovel beside me in fear and self-reproach. And Tillie, of course, would begin extolling my virtues, while you—Now it's all spoilt!"

He released her hand and patted it gently. He got to his feet. "You must never do this again, Hannah."

She shook her head like a wilful child. "I shan't promise."

His near-sighted, kindly eyes bored into hers. "There is a reason why you must, my dear."

For a long moment she stared questioningly at him, and the words of refutation that leaped to her lips died of despairing certainty at the answer in his eyes.

She rose, swaying, and steadied herself by her feverish grip on his arms. "No," she wailed, "no! no! no!!"

He put an arm about her. "Steady, dear."

She jerked herself free, and flung herself on the couch, burying her stricken face in her hands.

"Jim, I can't! I can't! Don't you see how it is with me?"

He told her seriously, "You must be very careful, Hannah."

Her eyes were tearless, wild. "But, Jim, you know—You've watched me. Jim! I hate my husband. I can't breathe when he's near. He—stifles me. I can't go through with it. I can't! Oh, why couldn't I have died?"

He took both her hands in his and sat beside her, waiting until his quiet presence should soothe her. Finally she gave a great, quivering sigh and was still.

"Listen, Hannah," he began, "you are nervous and distraught. After all, a natural state for a woman of your temperament. But you do not want to die. You want to live. Because you must, my dear. There is a life within you demanding birth. If you seek your life again, your child dies, too. I am quite sure you could not be a murderer.

"You must listen very closely and remember all I say. For with this new year—a new beginning, Hannah—you must see things clearly and rationally, and build your strength against your hour of delivery."

Slowly she raised her eyes to his. She shook her head dumbly. "There's no way out. My hands are tied. Life itself has beaten me."

"Hannah?"

"No. I understand Jim. I see."

"Right," he said, rising cheerfully. "Just you think it all over." He crossed to the door and called, "George! Tillie! You all can come in now."

They entered timorously, and Doctor Hill smiled reassuringly at them. He took his wife's hand and led her to the outer door.

"Out with you and me, my dear. We'll drink the health of the new year downstairs. Mrs. Byde has something very important to say to Mr. Byde. Night, G. B. Be very gentle with Hannah."

George shut the door behind them and went to Hannah. He stood before her, embarrassed, mumbling inaudibly.

"There's going to be a child," she said dully.

She paled before the instant gleam in his eyes.

"You're—glad?"

There was a swell of passion in his voice. "Hannah!" He caught her up in his arms.

"Don't," she cried, her hands a shield against him, "you're—stifling me."

He pressed his mouth to hers and awkwardly released her.

She brushed her hands across her lips, "You've been drinking. I can't bear it."

He was humble. "Just to steady myself. In the kitchen. Me and Tillie."

She was suddenly almost sorry for him. "It's all right, George. It doesn't matter. It's—nothing."

Timidly he put his hand on her shoulder. "You're shivering. Lemme get you a shawl."

"No." She fought against hysteria. "I'm all right, George. It's only that I'm tired . . . . tired." She went unsteadily to her bedroom door, and her groping hand closed on the knob. "You—you'll sleep on the couch tonight? I—I just want to be alone. Good night, George. I shall be all right. Good night."

He stood alone, at a loss, his hands going out to the closed door in clumsy sympathy. He thought: I'll play a piece while she's gettin' undressed. A little jazz'll do her good.

He crossed to the phonograph, his shoes squeaking fearfully. There was something pathetic in his awkward attempt to walk lightly. He started the record where Hannah had cut it short, grinning delightedly as it began to whir.

The jazz notes burst on the air, filled the narrow room, crowded out.

And the woman behind the closed door flung herself across the bed and laughed and laughed and laughed.

Fiat Lux

Her eyes had caught a bit of loveliness,
A flower blooming in the prison yard;
She ran to it and pressed it to her lips,
This Godsend of a land beyond the walls;
She drank its divine beauty with her kiss.

A guard wrested the flower from her hand—
With awful art her humble back laid bare,
Soft skin and darker than a dreamless night;
He tossed aside the burden of her hair.
"I'll teach you to pick flowers in this yard.
They ain't for niggers." He began to flog.

Her pale palmed hands grasped the thin air in quest
Until, like two antalgic words, they fell
And whispered something to her heaving breast.
Then she forgot the misery of her back.
Somehow she knew that God, her God was there:
That what was pain was but her striped flesh.
Her soul, inviolate, was havened in prayer.
On a cross of bigotry she was crucified
Because she was not white. And like her Father
On the holyrood, whispered "Forgive."
And in her eyes there shone a Candlemas light.

He flung the whip into the flower bed—
He did not even see that she was dead.

HELENE JOHNSON.

SAMUEL COLERIDGE TAYLOR

By HENRY F. DOWNING

Samuel Coleridge Taylor was a Cockney; that is, he was born in Holborn, London, August 15, 1875, within the sound of Bow Bells, the same bells whose pleasing chimes welcomed Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, on his first arrival in that wonderful city. A year later he was taken to Croydon, an important town about ten miles away from London, where the English end of the cross channel air service is now situated. He lived in Croydon, and in its immediate vicinity, until his sudden and unexpected death in 1912 shocked the musical world.

Coleridge Taylor gave evidence of the bent of his genius at a very early age. The fiddle was his first musical love and he had his first lesson on that instrument from his maternal grandfather, a self taught performer whom Mr. Ford probably would have been delighted to

Age 1 Year

Age 5 Years

SAMUEL COLERIDGE TAYLOR

Age 3 Months

honor. His second teacher was a Mr. Joseph Beckwith, of Croydon, who first met his talented pupil playing at marbles, with a number of marbles in one of his hands and a fiddle in the other. The story of how the boy procured this fiddle is interesting; moreover, it is not altogether useless as a means of arriving at some idea of his character.

Under five years of age, coarse garments spotlessly clean, indicative of the loving toil of his mother, hatless head covered with a shock of kinky hair, brown skin, eyes dark, luminous and intelligent, the boy stared intently into the window of an old-fashioned curiosity shop, perhaps just such another as the one rendered dear to us by our memory of Little Nell and her friends.

The owner of this shop, into whose window the child so eagerly gazed, stood in his doorway. Watching the youngster he perceived his brown face working with emotion while his entire little frame trembled with overpowering excitement and intense longing. The old man was kind-hearted. Impelled by a sympathy awakened in him by the lad's behavior he approached the lad, and, addressing him, he said:

"Now then, Jack the Giant Killer, what is it?"

Startled, and seemingly alarmed by the strange voice the sensitive boy drew back, but gazing into his questioner's face and reassured by the smile it wore he quickly recovered his courage. He pointed into the window at a small fiddle at which he had been gazing, and, a world of longing in his young voice, he hesitatingly murmured:

"Oh, sir, I want that!"

"You can have it if you pay for it," returned the shopkeeper; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth before the lad had drawn a copper from the pocket of his knickers and thrust it into his hand.

The tradesman glanced ruefully at the penny-piece. He pointed at a ticket, marked 2/6, attached to the fiddle, and his face took on a hard look. He shook his head dissentingly, but, the next moment, moved by the tears that welled into the urchin's big black eyes and by the pallor disappointment had brought into his face—perhaps he thought of a child of his own that was sleeping in a nearby graveyard—he relented. The expression in his face softening into a smile, he drew the lad inside the shop; he took the fiddle from the window and, while resining its bow, asked the boy his name.

"Samuel Coleridge Taylor, sir," lisped the lad, eagerly watching the shopkeeper's busy hands.

"A big name for a mite of a chap like you," smiled the old man. "Are you a descendent of the poet Coleridge Taylor—Perhaps he was your father?" he jokingly added.

"I never had a father," replied the boy, somewhat sadly; and, although his statement was unconsciously untrue, nevertheless, to all intents and purposes he was fatherless. And perhaps it was well for him, as well as fortunate for the world he was to enrich with the creatures born of his genius, that he was practically fatherless, for the Sierra Leone Negro, a medical student in London, by whom he was begotten, deceiving his mother then deserting her and her child, was a ne'er-do-well.

"Do you think you can scrape music from this fiddle?" continued the shopkeeper.

"Yes, sir," cried the lad, all a-twitter with excitement.

"Well, we'll see what you can do," returned the kindly tradesman, then saying: "If you show me that you are a Paganini—that is, if you play me a real tune the fiddle is yours for nothing," he handed the instrument and the now resined bow to the trembling lad.

Young Coleridge, whose inspired compositions of later years were to entrance music-lovers the world over, placed the fiddle underneath his little chin and, his eyes aflame with passion aroused by his great adventure, drew the bow slowly across its strings. Strange, discordant noises sounded! The shopkeeper, who, as it happened, was something of a musician, shivered as if with pain, he placed his hands against his ears and shook his head disapprovingly; but the lad, apparent not at all disconcerted, smiled. Again the bow felt the fiddle's strings and, controlled by a hand guided by native genius, this time it brought forth real music—pure melody.

"The fiddle is yours!" exclaimed the shopkeeper, as the boy paused.

"Oh, sir, thank you, thank you!" cried the elated child; and the next moment, fiddle held fondly close to his heart, he was racing homeward to display his prize to his beloved mother.

And this mother, illiterate and born of humble people, full of wisdom, virtuous despite her love-fault, was full worthy of her talented son's devotion—worthy of it then and always until his death. Without her encouragement, her willing sacrifice of self, her ceaseless care, he would have found his road, never strewn with roses, to achievement very much more rugged than he did. Perchance he would have given the struggle up in despair and have fallen heartbroken by the wayside.

A second article on Coleridge Taylor will appear in the next issue.

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THE NEGRO FACES THE FUTURE

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH

The following is the address of A. Phillip Randolph, General Organizer of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and editor of THE MESSENGER, *delivered at the opening of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, May* 31, 1926, *before an audience of* 60,000 *persons. Because of the historical importance of this speech it is herein reprinted in full. Mr. Randolph was one of three speakers, the other two being Secretary of State Kellogg and Secretary of Commerce Hoover, and represented on that occasion the Negro race of the world.*—THE EDITORS.

Honorable Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Fellow Citizens:

It is eminently fitting and timely that a great people should pause, a brief while, in their busy life, in their onward conquering march in the acquisition of power, to take inventory of their material, technical, intellectual and spiritual stock, that they may not face the future distressingly unwitting of their way.

The signs of the times would seem to indicate that the world we live in has moved into a cycle of political uncertainty, economic unsettlement and social maladjustment, consequent, largely upon the Great World War, and its immediate aftermath.

PROBLEMS

In this period there are three great, outstanding problems: the problem of peace between nations, the problem of peace between races and the problem of peace between labor and capital. Upon the rational and permanent solution of these problems will rest the continuance of modern civilization.

In our own country, these problems are ever present, ever pressing, ever insistent upon a solution. In our own country, too, one hundred and fifty years ago, the Founding Fathers gave eloquent expression in one of the world's immortal documents, the Declaration of Independence, to a formula which may serve as the solvent key to our perplexing problems.

This formula reads: We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

To Aframericans, the embodiment of this formula of practical, righteous idealism into the warp and woof of American life, its laws, its customs, its institutions, its practices, its traditions, in politics, in industry, in education and religion, is a consummation devoutly to be wished; for no people on God's green earth have suffered as poignantly as the Negro peoples of the world, on account of the failure of the world to achieve higher reaches of humanity. Thus, no group of people in America can have a greater and a more genuine concern in the commemoration and perpetuation of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence on this Sesqui-Centenary than the Negro.

But if there are those, either because of ignorance or malice who would challenge the right of Aframericans to share in the glories and achievements of our country, my answer is that of all the Americans, the Negro is, doubtless, the most typically American. He is the incarnation of America. His every pore breathing its vital spirit, without absorbing its crass materialism.

If early contact with and long residence in a land are a price of security and equal opportunity, the Negro has grounds for double reassurance of a square deal. No white man can boast of longer habitation in America than can the Negro. He was a pioneer in the Western world. Garcia de Montalvo published in 1510 a Spanish romance which spoke of the presence of black people in an island called California. That the Negro had visited America before the coming of Columbus is again strongly established by the fact that the Negro countenance, clear and unmistakable, occurs repeatedly in Indian carvings, among the relics of the Mound Builders and in Mexican temples, according to Professor Wiener of Harvard, in his book Africa and the Discovery of America. In religious worship and mound building, the influence of Negro customs is evident. There is accumulating ethnological authority to give weight to the belief that African pomberiros or Negro traders were present in America before Columbus because of the discovery of the use in trading of an alloy of gold called guanin. Guanin is a Mandingo word and the very alloy is of African origin. Wiener again observes that the presence of Negroes with their trading master in America before Columbus is proved by the representations of Negroes in American sculpture and design and by the occurrence of a black nation at Darian early in the sixteenth century, but more specifically by Columbus' emphatic reference to Negro traders from Guinea, who trafficked in a gold alloy, guanin, of precisely the same composition and bearing the same name as is frequently referred to by early writers in Africa.

Some ethnographers maintain that tobacco, cotton, sweet potatoes and peanuts are of African origin and were introduced to the Indians by the Negro. The historian Helps, speaks of the presence of the Negro in the very early history of the American continent. They were with Columbus, Balboa, De Soto and Cortes.

But the claim of the Negro to an honorable place in America does not rest alone upon the fact that the Negro was one among the first peoples to set his feet upon American soil.

THE GIFT OF BLACK LABOR

He has given the meed of service to the building of this great nation. He gave his brain and brawn to fell the forests, till the soil and make America the most powerful and prosperous country in the world. Yes, the chief reason for his presence in this country was the call for labor to cultivate tobacco, cotton, rice and sugar. His was the original labor force of the new world. Upon it rests the first great commercial cities of our times. His hard physical labor transformed forbidding wildernesses into habitable centers. Withal, it was the means of releasing for other employment, thousands of white men, and thus advanced the economic development of America with an astonishing acceleration. Verily, black labor established modern world commerce, which began with the systematic trade in black labor, Negro slaves. A strange paradox this; black labor was commodity as well as the producer of commodities, for the world market.

With pertinent discernment, Dr. DuBois, remarks that "The Negro worked as farm hand and peasant proprietor, as laborer, artisan and inventor, and as servant in the house, and without him, America as we know it, would have been impossible." The economic value of the Negro, in America was attested by the enormous growth in their population. It is estimated that one million Negroes came in the sixteenth century, three million in the seventeenth century and seven million in the eighteenth and four million in the nineteenth or some fifteen million in all. This meant sixty million or more killed and stolen in Africa because of the methods of capture and the horrors of the middle passage. Thus, the early foundations of America's material greatness rests upon a labor force which cost Africa nearly one hundred million souls.

It is a matter of common place history that New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Hampshire built up a lucrative commerce based largely upon the results of Negro labor in the South and the

West Indies, and this commerce supported local agriculture and manufacture.

The growth of the great slave crops shows the increasing economic value of Negro labor. In 1619, 20,000 pounds of tobacco were shipped from Virginia to England. Just before the Revolutionary War, 1,000 million pounds a year were being sent, and at the beginning of the twentieth century, 800 millions were raised in the United States alone. The production of cane sugar jumped from one million in the middle of the nineteenth century to three millions in 1900. And cotton, the chief commodity of the South, rose in production from 13,000 or more bales sent to England in 1781, to a production of 3,366,000 in 1860. The United States raised 6,000,000 bales in 1880, and 11 millions at the beginning of the twentieth century. Such was the basis of modern American commerce. It was hard, manual labor, the gift of black men. If there are those who would sneer at the service of manual labor, let me observe that the problem of America in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was the problem of manual labor. It was met by importing white bond servants from Europe who, too, were virtual slaves, and servants from Africa.

The full significance of the Negro as a labor source was sharply emphasized during the sudden transformations of the World War. In a few short months, 500,000 black laborers came North in answer to the call of industry, brought about by the cessations of immigration from Europe and the absorption of white men into new phases of industry. It is quite likely that the Negro worker will continue to be the great labor reservoir of America. Nor is it all manual. On many of the large plantations during the slave regime, in the towns and villages, Negroes did the chief mechanical work. Advertisements of runaway slaves are instances in proof. At one time, Negroes were said to comprise all of the mechanics New Orleans possessed.

Moreover, not only were there skilled Negro workers during the slave regime, but a large number possessed the ingenuity for invention. Etiene de Bore, a colored San Dominican, discovered the process of granulating sugar, which saved Louisiana from economic ruin. There is a strong claim that the credit for the invention of the cotton gin is due to a Negro on a plantation where Eli Whitney worked. In the United States patent office, there are 1,500 inventions made by Negroes. In 1846, Nobert Rillieux, a colored man of Louisiana, invented and patented a vacuum pan which revolutionized the methods for refining sugar. Jan E. Matzeliger invented a machine for lasting shoes, the patent of which was bought by Sydney W. Winslow, upon which was built the great United Shoe Machinery Company. Hundred of dollars' worth of business flow from this invention. Then there is Elijah McCoy, a pioneer inventor of automatic lubricators for machinery, and Granville T. Woods who patented more than fifty devices relating to electricity, many of which were assigned to the General Electric Company of New York, the Westinghouse Company of Pennsylvania, the Bell Telephone Company of Boston and the American Engineering Company of New York. Today, Negro men and women are engaged in practically every field of industry, and in all of the professions.

Such is the contribution of black labor to America. In South Africa, Neigeria, the Sudan, Brazil, the West Indies and the United States, the Negro worker has been and is the manual labor backbone of industry. This belies the Nordic charge of laziness as a racial characteristic of Negroes. And as to African thrift, well does Herbert J. Seligman, in his book, "The Negro Faces America" observe: "To cut down a tree with stone hatchets, and then to make a canoe from the trunk by burning out the core, is no task for the indolent or the man of unsteady purpose."

In Wars

More and more the judgment of mankind is registering its decisions against wars as the cure for the ills of the world. Wars according to our historical experience, breed and beget wars. They engender and foster hatreds and enmities. They do not lead to peace. But since deeds of heroism are regarded generally as forms of measurement of the value of a group's service and worth to a nation, in a certain sense, I shall here briefly set forth the Negro's record in America.

In every war in which America has been involved, the Negro has taken his part, Chrispus Attuck, a Negro, being the first to fall on Boston Commons in defense of American Independence. In the War of 1812, Negroes distinguished themselves for bravery under Perry, Jackson and McDonnough. And Abraham Lincoln fully realized that success in the prosecution of the Civil War was dependent entirely upon the unlimited employment of Negro soldiers. But for the 200,000 black soldiers who answered the call of Lincoln, the cause of the Union, the chief reason for the war would have perished.

In subsequent conflicts, from El Caney, in the Spanish American War to Carrizal in Mexico and Flanders Field in Europe, the valor and fighting spirit of the Negro are notable and outstanding, challenging the admiration and praise of the most critical and prejudiced.

Despite his struggle and supreme sacrifice in these memorable conflicts the freedom he won he has seldom enjoyed. This is the bitter tragedy of it all.

Democracy

Can the victims of slavery be the carriers and preservers of democracy? In no small measure, the Negroes' status in America has been a test of America's democracy, of America's Christianity. The insistent cry for freedom on the part of the Negro has kept the American people face to face with the fact that a democracy has not fulfilled its highest mission so long as there are people in the country, black or white who cannot participate in the affairs of government, industry or society generally as free, intelligent human beings.

The Reconstruction Regime

Despite the cynicism of certain political historians on the reconstruction period of Negro history, an unbiased examination will reveal that the black freedom gave to the South the first glimpse of democratic institutions. The Reconstruction constitutions of 1868 in both South Carolina and Mississippi not only forbade distinctions on account of color, but abolished all qualifications for jury service and property and educational qualifications for suffrage. They began free public schools and adopted considerable social legislation in harmony with the trend of social and political progress.

These reconstruction governments carried on under these respective constitutions for twenty-seven and twenty-two years, without any essential change. Moreover, in Mississippi, the reconstruction constitution was the only constitution of the State which had ever been submitted to popular approval at the polls. And what of the spirit of the Black American?

Folk Songs

One of those gifts which will ever live in the hearts of the white Americans and the world, making them aware of the presence of the creative souls of their black brothers, is the "Folk Songs" accredited by most musical critics as the only American music. They are the distillation of the sorrows of an oppressed people. The rythmic cry of the slave. Says James Weldon Johnson, "In the spirituals, or slave songs, the Negro has given America not only its only folk songs, but a mass of noble music." "'Go Down Moses' is considered as one of the strongest themes in the whole musical literature of the world," he continues.

Art and Literature

It is not unnatural too, that the tragic story of Negro oppression would seek its embodiment in forms of art and literature. Through training and experience, a deft

and practised hand in workmanship is rapidly developing. In the broad stream of American literature have come the offerings of Phyllis Wheatley, the black poetess of the latter part of the eighteenth century. She was easily the peer of her best American contemporaries. Dunbar holds a place of envious distinction in American literature. He sings with an intensely tragic charm. In the contributions of Dr. Du Bois, Booker T. Washington, James Weldon Johnson, Kelly Miller, Chestnut, The Grimke's Braithwaite, Carter G. Woodson, Brawley, and the ever developing newer school of Negro writers, America is the recipient of as fine a body of writings as has ever blossomed in a country from the pen of any white American. They represent the highest reaches of literary American genius and talent.

As outstanding luminaries of Negro creative genius, too, are S. Coleridge Taylor, perhaps England's most noted musical composer, Alexander Pushkin, Russia's premier poet, Alexander Dumas, one of France's most prolific and distinguished writers of historical romance, H. C. Tanner, America's greatest living painter, whose works hang in the Luxemborg Gallery, Roland Hayes, doubtless America's leading concert singer, Harry T. Burleigh, America's incomparable song writer, and Rene Moran, winner of the De Gouncourt court prize and many others of growing merit and promise.

Education

Steadily are the Negro youth swelling the tide of trained workers of hand and brain, drinking at the fountain of arts, science and letters of America's leading colleges and universities, achieving bachelors of art, masters of art and doctors of philosophy. This is irrefutable testimony of the fallacy of Gobineau, Madison Grant and Lathrop Stoddard, the high priests of the Nordic Creed, whose racial hierarchy is implicit with social dangers since it postulates the existence of inferior races, despite the verdict of modern anthropology that so-called race characteristics, dolechochepalic and bracyephatic cerebral formations are not correlated with intellectual excellence or achievement, but that environment as attested by the psychology of Bahaviorism, is mainly responsible for achievement. Black and white boys under similar circumstances react similarly.

What now of America's debt to black men. By the enactment of the Clayton Anti-trust act, the establishment of the Federal Trade Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission, the government indicated that it sensed the necessity of watching the exercise of vast economic power by gigantic combinations of capital, lest the interests of the people be invaded. Repeated manifestations of the abuse of this power have arrested the attention of the American people.

But who are chief victims of the misuse of economic power by the powerful corporations. The answer is the plain people, those who work for a living. In that category fall the large majority of Aframericans.

From the beginning of the systematic trade in men up to the present moment, the Negro is the one outstanding unpaid worker of the modern world. To allow any man to work and produce and deny him the benefits and protection of the society he makes possible is an inexcusable form of exploitation of which the Negro is a hapless example. He is the last to be hired, the first to be fired, the longest worked and the lowest paid of modern workmen in the Western world.

To the end of correcting this evil, the Negro's next gift to America will be in economic democracy, demonstrating the virtue of the principle of collective bargaining in rational, mutual cooperation around the conference board with a view to effecting a constructive settlement of disputes between employers and employees. To this big task of achieving modern industrial peace upon a democratic basis, in the spirit of brotherhood, the Negro will bring a sympathetic spirit, a genial character and a radiant soul, unimbittered or revengeful. Experience and necessity are teaching him of the value of labor organization, that he can only face the future with head erect and soul undaunted, if he possess power which rests upon economic, political and social organization. This will rescue him from the stigma of being regarded by organized white labor as the classic scab of America.

The Watson-Parker Bill Enlightened

Black workers are more and more realizing that they cannot hope to go forward so long as they permit themselves to serve as strike breakers to break down the eight hour day and a decent American standard of living built up by the organized white workers of America. That such a policy will flare forth into economic race riots, such as East St. Louis of some years ago, is evident.

And with the possession of this new power on the part of the Negro worker through organization, will come also new obligations, duties and responsibilities. Black workers as well as white, have a joint interest with capital in the expansion and development of industry. Their object shall be not to cripple and paralyze industry, but to help it. The organized Negro worker will not expect the union to protect inefficiency, incompetency and irresponsibility.

In the future, the Negro workers shall expect and demand and organize to secure a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, equality of reward for equality of service; increased wages with increased production, a higher measure of dignity, manhood and independence.

Upon organized labor too, the Negro workers will insist upon the right to work wherever his ability warrants. To capital, he offers increased productive efficiency, initiative, intelligence and responsibility. He is ever in quest for the training to fulfill this end. To society, he pledges his spirit to work, for industrial peace with justice, and to supply a high quality of workmanship in the production of commodities for the satisfaction of human wants.

In politics, the Negro demands political equality, the right to be voted for as well as to vote, a place in the responsible agencies of the nation. But, more than that, the Negro today, would have his suffrage be the means of securing the adoption of social legislation as will reflect itself in more and better schools, better housing, improved community sanitation, larger and modern recreational opportunities and facilities for the children of the community in which they live, as well as a more pronounced, even-handled justice before the courts.

In American social relations, the Negro insists upon equality, upon being recognized as the social equals of any man regardless of color, which will result in the abolition of disfranchisement, segregation and the abolition of the jim crow car.

In the modern world, no people can live beside another and remain as separate as the fingers. Mutual understanding which can only come with the meeting of minds, is a condition to world progress.

But to achieve these objectives, we need men. The world needs men, for men are the agents of the social forces; and the problem of the modern world is the organization and direction of the social forces into constructive channels in order that conflicts between nations, races, creeds and classes may be obviated.

The Little Love

A shy ear bared
For incipient kisses;
A secret shared
In laughter exquisite;
Soft finger tips,
While the night embraces,
Touch passionate colors
That morning erases.
And when the Dawn wakens,
No attempt to recapture
Those swift fleeting hours of ecstatic rapture,
But hide the shy ear with a curl, my pet,
And that little secret,—forget.

Helene Johnson.

THE TRUTH NEGLECTED IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS

By ASHLEY L. TOTTEN

A peep into Virgin Island life as one sees it in New York and other neighboring Eastern cities reveal the fact that there are ten thousand (more or less) expatriates who suffer from the dreaded disease of homesickness, a disease that is sadly in need of some specialist who can diagnose the case and find the cure.

The three Virgin Islands, St. Thomas, St. Jan, and St. Croix, became a part of the United States, March 31, 1917, after the exchange of ratifications for the sale from Denmark had been effected.

These islands are situated about 1,480 miles S.S.E. of New York or 86 miles east of Porto Rico.

They have a most healthy climate with an even temperature of 65 to 90 degrees and a fertile soil rich enough to yield fruits and vegetables in abundance inclusive of the staple products sugar cane and cotton.

The Beginning of the Exodus!

Dating as far back as forty-five years ago the islands boasted of about 40,000 inhabitants who began to emigrate to the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Panama, and to Central and South America.

HARBOR OF ST. THOMAS, V. I., U. S. A.

It would not be a difficult task to find Virgin Islanders around Harlem, N. Y., who emigrated many years ago, that would gladly make a sacrifice so that they may be privileged to return once more to die in the land that gave them birth.

Many have toiled and labored in the struggle to accumulate enough to return and live, but few have made a success of this venture and the truth is that hardly after they return, they find themselves hurrying back to New York. The reason for this is an economic one, plain and simple.

During the days of Danish rule, the natives enjoyed certain privileges which made them an indulgent people.

The Danish Colonial Government was a paternal one, of the kind that made the average citizen feel that he could always secure a government loan on good security.

Farmers, squatters and ranch owners who were victims of occasional droughts, looked to the Government loan as a means of sustaining a loss in their crops and the thought of irrigation was never entertained during that period.

St. Thomas boasted of its beautiful harbor where ships called for coal and water, and sailing crafts transported with their large warehouses goods consigned to South American trade.

The bay rum industry also helped to keep business alive, and St. Jan the lesser of the group provided the bay leaves from which the oil is obtained.

It might be said that the Danes allowed the islands to be used as a dumping ground for foreign exploiters who preyed upon the fat of the land.

There was a time when the penniless imposter could set up a home in the islands thrive upon the hospitality of the natives and after years of cunning return to his country wealthy.

Those were the days of happiness when "work today and tomorrow will take care of itself" was the slogan.

Years of Danish rule saw laborers at St. Thomas laying around waiting for a steamship to put into port for coal while vast acres of land back of the hills lay idle, only to fall into the hands of lazy and non-progressive farmers, who raised cattle and hogs on the wild grass and fodder that grew there.

The Conflict of Color

The upper tens of Virgin Islanders had a very peculiar form of drawing the color line, which, happily, ceased to work out so very well under American rule.

First there was that element of pretense where many hardly a peg above a beggar conducted themselves in a manner to make the onlooker believe that they possessed wealth.

The Danes tolerated a social hob and nob which classified poor whites, and mulattoes with blacks who had money into the representative class of the islands.

The term Negro is still considered a gross insult to a mulatto, and a black man with money will resent it vigorously, but all who represent prominence whether they be mulattoes or blacks, nevertheless, lined up with the Danes to oppress the less fortunate, so that when a Dane called a field laborer "En Satan Neger" (A devilish Negro) their colored associates would do so too.

Virgin Island society have advanced several grades above cities like Washington in the education of the various shades and complexions and the quality of hair.

There are so many in whose homes the waters of poverty have crowded in, yet they are indeed too proud to dig a ditch for an honest dollar.

They must have servants, but the truth is that many who are thus employed are miserably underpaid for their employers can hardly afford to pay them.

It is false pride on the one hand and chronic laziness on the other that accounts for the practice of servants in so many pauperized homes where only the bare necessities of life are in evidence.

In New York where the mistress and the servant have emigrated, it will be found that both do the same menial work, and both are subject to the same condition.

And with American rule, Virgin Islanders are beginning to learn that under the American flag a Negro whether of light or dark hue is a Negro just the same, which condition has rendered havoc into the social make up in the islands.

The law of economics states that where wages are high, life is high, where wages are low, life is low.

With so many aristocrats, so few to cultivate the land and with European exploiters controlling the colonial government, a law was passed admitting immigrants to do contract labor.

Thus peonage started in the islands with hundreds of British West Indian laborers pouring in daily where they signed up a three year contract to work on the respective plantations for the mere pittance of twenty-five cents a

THE GRAND HOTEL, ST. THOMAS, V. I., WHERE NEGROES OF THE BETTER CLASS HAD FIRST TASTE OF AMERICAN RACE DISCRIMINATION

day, which gradually brought life to a very low economic level.

Hard times began to wend its way in many homes, native born mechanics and tradesmen suffered a slump in business and with the grip of oppression from the farmers, merchants, and those who represented prominence tightened closer, the exodus increased rapidly.

The New Negro Movement

The economic condition grew from bad to worse: Denmark fell asleep on the job and entrusted the entire administration of the islands in the hands of a few haughty and ultra conservative Danes who were only concerned about their own personal welfare.

Shipping interests at St. Thomas were on the decline, and St. Croix depended only on the sugar cane industry which yielded little on account of the German beet root sugar competition.

Besides when the World War broke out in 1914, St. Thomas depended wholly on German shipping trade for support, hence it is clear that as no German ship could go to the island ports, the inhabitants were actually face to face with famine.

St. Croix farmers, on the other hand began to reap a harvest because of the rise in price of sugar, but they still continued to oppress the laboring classes and never offered them an increase.

So the laborers organized and rapidly became a power in the island of St. Croix.

Now organization is an instrument which is good or bad according to the use with which it is put.

At the outset the movement started with brilliant leadership where, over seas of hardships they forced rapid increases in wages until at one time laborers received two dollars per day.

But selfishness, egotism and bigotry creeped in, and it has since failed miserably.

The laborers had managed to set up a Union Bank and that failed. Property was bought by them and its value depreciated. Thousands of acres of fertile and well cultivated land fell into their hands, and they allowed it to become a mass of wilderness.

When agitation started in St. Croix the plantation owners called on the Danish Governor Helweg-Larsen at the time to use force and intimidation to stop it.

The gendarmes were called out and the Danish cruiser Valkyrien was dispatched to the scene of the so-called disorder, but even though the poor laboring classes had been driven off the farms because they had declared a strike, there was not a sign of disquietude at any time.

On one occasion while one of their leaders Ralph Bough was addressing the strikers the gendarmes under command of Capt. Fuglede made some sort of a cavalry charge on them, but Bough told the strikers to stand firm and show no resistance, and in the same instant he appealed to the Danish Crown for justice in their hour of need waving the Danish flag as he did so. This coolheadedness amazed Capt. Fuglede, for he withdrew with his troops immediately.

It was clear to the governor that the sugar cane crop would become a total loss unless the laborers returned to work, so he called into conference a committee of labor leaders who were Ralph Bough, Charles Reubel and Ralph DeChabert to meet with the Planters Association.

The result of this conference ended in the first victory for labor in the islands.

This labor movement was also started in St. Thomas, and rapidly assumed large proportions.

Nature's forces in the form of a very severe hurricane visited the islands about the same time, devastated homes and villages, leaving the poor natives in a most frightful and pitiable condition.

In the meantime, Denmark fearing that she could not defend her neutrality against Germany if she held those islands any longer, and feeling rather keenly the labor situation, secretly made negotiations for the transfer of the islands to the United States.

The Transfer

A sad day it was indeed when the Danish flag (Danebrog) disappeared from view.

The Danish minister Herr Larsen in his parting words said: "Within these moments these islands shall pass into strange hands. Whatever mistakes we have made we ask that they be forgiven," and as tears streamed down the faces of many gathered there the Danish flag came slowly down the mast amid the booming of guns as the Star Spangled Banner hurriedly took its place.

A temporary form of government was set up under Rear Admiral Olliver commandant of the Naval Station at St. Thomas and Civil Governor of the islands.

According to the explanation given me by Rear Admiral Omar, who was governor at the time I visited the islands (1920) the naval officers serve in the capacity of civil officials in order to save the municipality the expense of maintaining civilians.

The islands said he, are not self-supporting and since the naval station would remain here just the same it is considered to the best advantage of the people that the

HOME OF A WORKING MAN, VIRGIN ISLANDS

naval personnel who receive their salary from the Navy be used free of any charges to serve in that capacity.

This form of government is perfectly alright from an economic viewpoint, but it does not meet the approval of the native inhabitants because it is believed that military or naval discipline is employed for some form of oppression upon a civil and law-abiding people.

Suppose we try to get to the root of this most contested point which has been the source of many unfriendly arguments among Virgin Islanders.

In the first place an American white man who is imbued with race hatred when in naval uniform is the same white man if dressed up in civilian clothes.

White men whether naval or civil do not necessarily oppress the natives because they are Negroes, the truth is that they know they have no power, they know that they are as separate as the fingers on one's hand.

Judge George Washington Williams, a civil judge, for instance is said to be a miserable race hating Cracker who could hardly measure up to any degree of prominence among the social elite in his southern home Baltimore.

But he finds in the Virgin Islands an opportunity to be a czar, because some Negroes there, are trying to become his social pal on the one hand, and are too unscrupulous and disloyal to their own race on the other.

Now because a few Southern Crackers are taking advantage of the people in the islands is no reason to condemn the form of Government any more than it is fair to condemn the entire United States because Negroes are lynched in the South.

American Rule Versus Danish

It is generally known that the natives are enjoying more political rights under the present form of Government than they did under the Danish rule.

In the Judiciary Department we find a great contrast as compared with the days of Danish rule, when everything was at the mercy of a military judge who held the power to send a man to jail without a fair trial.

If he represented the laboring class he was trotted to town tied like a crab before two mounted gendarmes and when brought before the judge he would be greeted with "Hold mund Din forbandle Laat, Din sorte Svin" (Shut your mouth you detestable fool, you black pig.)

Under the Danish law the ruling class had a voice in court, the underdog was at their mercy, but under the present administration they have an open court with jury trials which has served at least to give all persons whether of high or low degree some measure of justice.

Natives are employed in the police force and in every governmental department, and this is indeed significant because during the Danish rule, these positions were only given persons of lighter hue, usually some retired Danish soldier or the son of a Danish official.

In the Department of Education we find children educated to an elementary grade and graduated to high school which privilege they could not enjoy under the Danish rule unless their parents could afford to pay for their tuition.

In the Hospitals and Sanitary Department wonderful improvements have been made. Suffice it to say that the poor sick person is no longer dumped into a cart or carried in a hammock to the hospital, but an auto ambulance with a well uniformed native nurse answers the call instead.

Infant mortality which at one time ran as high as ninety percent has decreased considerably under American rule.

One word about the prisoners. They are no longer mistreated, and made to work on the public streets under the lash of the driver's cowhide, but they are given a chance to reform, they learn a trade and eat better food than the daily boiled cornmeal and raw pickled salt herring which they once received.

Improvements along political lines are needed however, in the form of suffrage.

Suffrage should be given to every man and woman in the islands provided they are native born or citizens of the United States.

In regulating this suffrage system, care should be taken not to include the large amount of British subjects who get by as Virgin Islanders but who find solace in their allegiance to Great Britain.

We have now reached to the point where one may make a study of the economic value of the islands which is the underlying cause for the wave of discontent.

Whether the terrible economic condition is the fault of United States Government or whether it is due to the lack of ability on the part of the natives to help themselves will be the food for thought in the next issue.

Open Forum

Duluth, Minn.,
May 19, 1926.

To the Editors of Associated Negro Press

Dear Friend:

This is to inform you of the passing or death of John L. Morrison, editor and publisher of the "Rip Saw." Editor Morrison was a great lover and advocate of law and justice to all.

It was he that first discovered and published in his paper the "Rip Saw" that a great injustice had been done the colored circus hands that was mobbed and done to death in this city in 1920.

When the tension and relation was strained to the breaking point between the races and everybody that was able to arm themselves and resolved to die before being lynched.

Editor Morrison made a thorough investigation of the affair and published his finding boldly with glaring headline thus: "Negroes Did Not Rape the 17-Year-Old White Girl As Alleged." So eager were the public to know the truth that the first edition was soon bought up entirely, then the second edition was published because the demand was so great and it was soon exhausted then the third and fourth editions and they were still going strong, and most people believe he told the truth.

The editor told me himself that his paper was never in such demand before.

Editor Morrison still maintained that a great mistake had been made and it has never been proven that he was wrong, and most people believes he told the truth.

He openly condemned mob violence and all those that was connected with that horrible crime, even the authorities that permitted it to happen, and was not content until the principals of the mob was convicted and the chief of police and the head of public safety had been retired from office.

Previous to this time one caught reading the "Rip Saw" was looked upon with suspicion but a mail carrier informed me that on his route where he had delivered only a few copies before, he was required to carry a great many copies of the "Rip Saw" to the very best people.

Mr. Morrison was born in Tabor, Iowa, near the famous "Mason and Dixon Line" and his family belonged to the anti-slavery group and many were the slaves that domiciled on his father's premises during the day and fled forth by night. When he noticed food being carried out to the barn he knew that some fugitive was on their way to freedom, etc.

John L. Morrison has a number of relics of Old John Brown of Harpers Ferry fame and he told me he remembered the noted abolitionist, that he stopped at his father's place on his way from Kansas.

If we had more John L. Morrison's or men like him America would have less cause for shame.

As there was only one Fred Douglas, one Abraham Lincoln, one Booker T. Washington, one Wendell Phillips, one Harriette Beecher Stowe, one Julius Cæsar, one Brutus, one Tousaint L. Overture, one Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, and I fear we cannot expect more than one John L. Morrison.

John L. Morrison was a friend and member of the N. A. A. C. P. and attended all their meetings when possible and heard all the prominent speakers and commented favorably in his paper on all of them including Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, Dr. Roman and Dr. Pickens.

William H. Ray,
209 East 5th Street, Duluth, Minn.

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

The Monthly Award: After assiduous perusal of the scores of Aframerican newspapers and magazines coming under the editor's eye and discovering many delightful contributions to general flubdubbery and the mirth of the nation, we were about to despair of fixing upon the prize winner for this month until suddenly it was our rare, good fortune to stumble over this delectable tidbit in the editorial columns of The Chicago Defender, issue of June 5, 1926:

"The Defender has been suppressing scandal news as much as possible, and it will continue to do so."

The handsome cutglass thundermug is being wrapped in tissue paper and mailed to the editor of the "World's Greatest Weekly" as we go to press.

Authentic Jim Crow Humor: As a relief from the torture of the lampblacked jokesmiths masquerading as humorists on what passes as the Negro stage, we herewith append a few samples of the genuine article gathered in the remote fastnesses of the Black Belt:

The following conversation was overheard in Troy, Alabama:

1st Ethiop: Whut kinda suhvice cah yo say yo got, boy?

2nd Ethiop: Ah gotta Foahd.

1st: Thass *just* whut we want; so 'f anything go wrong, we kin fix it wid a piece o' wood.

On the slow L. & N. Branch between Decatur, Ala., and Lewisburg, Tenn., two sable travelers were discussing the train schedule in the jim crow car:

1st Traveler: How many trips does 'is train make a day?

2nd Traveler: Boy, 'is heah train is ah tridaily: hit goes up dis moanin' and tries tuh git back tunight.

Enroute from Orange, Texas, to Lake Charles, La., two corpulent ladies of the Aframerican caste were discussing labor conditions in the former bailiwick:

1st Woman: How's eve'ything down theah in Ohange?

2nd Woman: Shuah tight ri' now, sister. Bettah not stay 'way fum yo' wurk any day o' yo' house rent shuah ovahcome yo'!

The Inebriated Lexicographer: More familiar words with new definitions: *Bachelor*. n. 1. A matrimonial bolshevik; the *bete noir* of jealous husbands and the constant prey of spinsters. 2. A competent lover; hence a poacher on the connubial preserves who esteems women too highly to offer one the studied insult of marriage. 3. Very often (to become scientific) a fellow who—like Jesus Christ—has an Oedipus complex and seeks fruitlessly to identify his mother in other women. If unsuccessful, he remains a bachelor; if partially successful, he becomes a philanderer; if successful, he descends to matrimony.

Baby, n. 1. The gift of the gods to toy manufacturers, go-cart sellers, nipple vendors, milk companies and undertakers. 2. The great strike-breaker; which accounts for the capitalists' antagonism to the dissemination of contraceptive information.

Aframerican Fables No. 6: Oswald K. Liverlipp, bellhop extraordinary in a palatial downtown hostelry, had just come off watch. He was happy, was Oswald, and justly so. Not only had he collected considerable tips from the guests that day but a philanthropic bootlegger who was celebrating Andrew Volstead's birthday, had made him a present of a quart of genuine Johnny Walker. Thus literally and figuratively Mr. Liverlipp was in high spirits. Whistling loudly the national anthem ("Shake That Thing"), he changed from his uniform to a pearl gray creation for which he had planked down sixty simoleons only the week before. Then whisking a bit of lint from the polished surface of a yellow shoe, gazing affectionately at his expensive silk socks of ultramarine and his silk shirt, cravat and handkerchief of the same color, adjusting his pearl gray Stetson at a rakish angle and twirling his Malacca stick in one gray gloved hand while holding in the other a yellow briefcase with a suspicious bulge that denoted the presence of the aforementioned bottle of foreign spirits; in short, resembling the possessor of a million dollars; Mr. Liverlipp sauntered leisurely forth. He contemplated pursuit this evening of the eternal (or infernal) feminine. Unlike Alexander the Great, he did not sigh because there were no more girls to conquer. On the contrary, he was sure there were. Indeed, only the day before he had (to descend to the language of undergraduates) lamped a bag in a swell hash house, had a friend give him a knockdown to her, and framed a racket for the evening. Said racket was to be a two-some in the rear boudoir of a highly respectable apartment house on St. Nicholas Avenue presided over by an innocent-eyed matron very popular in a certain church because of her large and frequent contributions.

The comely damsel with whom Oswald had the rendezvous was—to use a bibical description once noted on the cover of The Crisis—black but beautiful. As far as Oswald had been able to ascertain during their brief conversation, she could win a "perfect woman" contest anytime, had she only been of the "right" color. She was about eighteen, had very small feet and hands, perfect wrists and ankles, beautifully moulded limbs and breasts, a "classy" boyish bob, a graceful carriage and a voice that reminded Oswald of the tinkle of sleigh bells at Yuletide. As she swam mincingly down the street Oswald turned to his friend and enthusiastically paid her what Negroes consider the highest compliment: "She walks like a white woman."

Now, as Oswald walked through the night—which was almost as dark as he was—he pulled vigorously on the expensive panatela (that had rewarded his foresight in frisking the coat of a wealthy guest who operated a high class fence), and smiled in anticipation. Passing by the billiard palace where it was his wont to park during off hours, he was hailed loudly and excitedly by an old crony whose means of support was derived from disposing of feminine finery filched by subordinates from lofty buildings downtown. This sable business man was arrayed in the last gasp in sartorial elegance—a symphony of buff and brown. When he had arrived within whispering distance of the impeccably caparisoned Mr. Liverlipp, he garrulously confided that he had "run across two Ofay broads last night that are really 'too bad'." Moreover, he stated further that with his good friend Oswald in mind, he had "dated up" the Nordic damsels for a Spring Musicale at a certain rendezvous well known to both Oswald and himself. Would Oswald go? The zero hour was approaching and a telephonic communication a few minutes ago had reassured him that the pinks were there, ready and thirsty.

Oswald thought very hard for several seconds. Should he "ditch" a black queen for a pink one? Should he disappoint the dainty bit of chocolate feminity in favor of the blue veined broad? "Quo Vadis?" he muttered to himself as he lamented the fact that there were no instructions concerning what to do when there were *two* birds in the bush. Then his latent race pride asserted itself, and turning to his pardner with head erect and chest arched, he said, "I'm sorry, old pal, but I have a previous engagement, and—well, Gentlemen Prefer Browns!"

All right, Ananias, look to your laurels!

Owing to lack of space, the article by J. A. Rogers, entitled "What Are We, Negroes or Americans?" will appear in the August issue instead of in the July issue as advertised. Watch for it next month, also many other new features.

Edito

Opinion of the leading

The Spingarn Medal

According to a recent release of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Dr. Carter G. Woodson, has been chosen for the Spingarn Medal for the year 1926, for his achievements in Negro history. We consider the recipient eminently deserving. He is a ripe scholar, who may be grouped among the liberal intelligensia of the race. He is the most notable and outstanding historian among Negroes, and is among the ablest writers of history in America. He is the editor of the Journal of Negro History, which is maintained by a group of sympathetic white philanthropists. Much of his work may go unread because of its cold, dry-as-dust style. Nor does his philosophy of history commend itself to the newer school of Negro thinkers who more and more accept the economic interpretation of history as the most scientific and reliable explanation of human behavior.

Schomberg's Collection

An achievement of no little distinction is the collection of books and manuscripts of Negro culture by Arthur Schomberg, recently bought by the city of New York for the Public Library. It practically covers the entire field of arts, letters and science as presented by peoples of African descent. As a monument of Negro talent, genius and ability, it not only marks a signal mile-post of progress, but is a rich and abundant promise of higher reaches. May Mr. Schomberg continue his creative labors as a collector of Negro art and books.

Howard Has First Negro President

Bishop John E. Gregg of the African Methodist Church, has been selected as the President of Howard University. This is an innovation in Negro education. It will be interesting to watch this experiment. There is no good reason why it should not work out satisfactorily from all angles. As a general principle, it is our view that Negroes ought to be eligible to fill any position white persons are eligible to fill. Merit should be the chief factor considered.

Bishop Gregg's training and experience as the President of Wilberforce University and Bishop in the A. M. E. Church ought adequately to equip him for handling the job efficiently.

It is maintained by some persons of broad intelligence that a Negro president of Howard will fail because of his inability to make the contacts for raising funds. Apparently this has not been true in the case of Tuskegee. Booker T. Washington and Robert Russa Moton have been successes as financiers of Negro education. Of course, there is some difference here involved, since Howard is a school of the "higher learning." But we don't think that this difference is an insurmountable difficulty. All presidents of colleges and universities find it difficult to raise money, especially where the alumni are not composed of a large number of rich and influential graduates.

We are not yet prepared to speak as to Bishop Gregg's vision and spirit.

The Debutante Club of New York City

One of the most useful organizations of the younger set in New York City is the Debutante Club. Its members are capitalizing their pleasures such as dances and parties for the benefit of Negro education and charity. Already the Hampton-Tuskegee Fund, the Katy Ferguson, Sojourner Truth Homes and Columbus Hill Day Nursery have been beneficiaries of the Club's constructive generosity. Its members represent some of the finest types of young Negro womanhood, possessing education, culture and spirit. The Club was founded by Mrs. Lucille Randolph, Mrs. Dr. A'Lelia Walker-Kennedy and Alice Reed. Its officers are Misses Edith McAllister, President; Marion Moore, Vice-President; Moneta Ruth Demery, Secretary; Gladys Cutlear, Assistant Secretary; Thelma E. Berlack, Financial Secretary; Alva T. Daves, Treasurer. They are capable and business-like without losing any of their feminine charm.

Primaries in Pennsylvania

Pepper, Pinchot and Vare are reported to have spent about a million and a half dollars to secure the nomination for the United States Senate, a job during the six years incumbency of which will only pay sixty thousand dollars. The senate investigation had revealed the fact that big business interests were the chief contributors to the "slush fund." Votes were deliberately bought at four and five dollars a piece. Under such notorious corruption, democracy is completely smothered, stifled and destroyed. Apparently we are rapidly approaching the time when only men who can command millions will have any chance whatever of reaching the Senate, the "rich man's club."

Even brother Pinchot, the redoubtable puritan, spent almost two hundred thousand dollars, an impossible sum for a man of the people. Newman H. Truman, whom public opinion condemned and drove from the Senate, upon discovering the sordid and gross corruption attending his election, is a shining angel of light to the unsavory political trinity of Pennsylvania.

rials

colored American thinkers

Borah

In defense of the 18th Amendment to the Constitution, Senator Borah has sallied forth to do duty for the Lord. It is impious and sacreligious, so shouts saint Borah to harbor notions about not enforcing the Constitution. If this be so, dear Senator, why not use your great talents to secure the enforcement of the 14th and 15th Amendments. Surely you wouldn't contend that there are degrees of sacredness to parts of the Constitution. Of course, it is quite possible that some of the very same people who are clamoring for the strict enforcement of the 18th Amendment, would balk, hesitate, look askance, blush and swallow audibly if one suggests that it might not be a bad idea to enforce the whole Constitution. It will be exceedingly embarrassing to our Southern Senators, whose colleagues in the House depend upon the disfranchisement of black citizens which population they count for purposes of representation only, for this is obviously unconstitutional.

The Farmers

The farmers are fighting desperately for relief from the bankers' exploitation, who control the grain elevators, flour mills and railroads. Many bills have been introduced in Congress to remedy their plight, but to no avail. Big business has turned thumbs down on the Hanger bill and the general policy of government subsidy for the farmers. From the sweeping victory of Senator Brookhart over Cummings of Iowa, however, who, through political juggling was, in the last election, counted out, the sentiments for the cause of the farmer is growing stronger; and the strength of the administration seems to be growing weaker.

The Women and the Brotherhood

One of the most encouraging signs of the times among Negroes is the attitude of Negro women toward the struggles of Negro men for a living wage, decent working conditions and better hours of work, through intelligent, collective economic action. This attitude is most strikingly manifested in the fight of the Pullman porters for industrial justice.

We have found very little difficulty in getting the women to become crusading agents in carrying forward the message of economic liberation for black workers. This, of course, is as it should be. Women are the buyers of the goods that the family needs. They know the purchasing value of the dollar, hence, they can readily appreciate what an increase in income will mean in more health, education and comfort for the home, especially the children. When wages are low, to the women, life is low; when wages are high, life is high. Thus, it is logical and proper that the women should show deep concern about the movements that make for economic well-being of the race. It is interesting to note in this connection that while women quite often support men in labor struggles for economic justice, experience shows that they are the most difficult to organize.

A great burden rests upon Negro women to employ their spiritual and social powers to help black workers release themselves from economic oppression.—A. P. R.

The Messenger

It is fitting, proper, and necessary for even a magazine to take stock of itself and become intimate in regards to its hopes and ambitions. This serves to bring the editors of the publication closer to its readers, and also serves to give the readers of a magazine an insight into what they may expect from the future.

With Negro labor shaking off its complacency, and shackling servitude; with Negro artists energetically scaling the heights of Parnassus; with new forces shaping the destiny of the Negro's future, it is indeed necessary that some organ keep the public apprised of current trends, and, perhaps, serve as an agent provacateur for new energies and new aspirations.

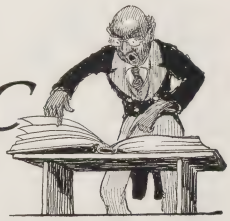
There is much to inspire any Negro editor to fruitful labor in this present day, and, since the Negroes themselves seem to be growing more and more cognizant of the necessity in their being more appreciative and more loyal to their race publications, the editors are anxious to extend themselves in order to measure up to the demands of the day.

In keeping with this, the editors of The Messenger are striving to be constantly on the qui vive, and can promise their patrons much enervating food for future delectation. In these pages you will find and be able to follow the romantic rise of organization awareness of various labor groups. You will also find expert dissertations on the economic current of Negro life, which current is manifesting itself more and more as THE current. And, moreover, you will find ample evidence of the contemporary cultural renaissance.

We have tooted our own horn quite eloquently, and now await the crowd which we hope will assemble to watch the announced performance. Walt Whitman once said that to have great poets it was necessary to have great audiences. Did we think it necessary Whitman's implied plea could be paraphrased quite aptly, but we prefer to let the reader do his own paraphrasing.—H. W. T.

The Critic

Do they tell the truth



By J. A. ROGERS

Two Recent Books on the Negro

The First One

With a flourish of trumpets there has appeared a book from which I expected much, after the sensational disclosures of race-mixing in Virginia in a Richmond newspaper by John Powell. This book is "Mongrel Virginians," a contribution from the Department of Genetics of the Carnegie Institute, Washington, D. C., and the work of Dr. Arthur H. Estabrook, president of the Eugenics Research Association, and Prof. McDougle of Goucher College, Baltimore.

Among some of the questions which this book was advertised to answer are such vital ones as these:

Is the purity of the white race in the South being threatened by intermixture?

Is it a fact that any white race subject to continuous contact with the Negro, ultimately becomes mongrelized?

Is such intermixture, helpful or detrimental socially and sociologically?

What is the effect of racial intermixture on public health, particularly with reference to venereal diseases and tuberculosis?

When races mix, does the inheritance of the more primitive, more generalized stock, dominate the more specialized stock, or vice versa?

Now these are precisely what this book has not answered, not that it seems to matter a hoot to the broad current of life whether they are ever answered or not; Nature has been doing her work and doing it pretty efficiently aeons before the eugenist officially tried to help her. Still for those with nothing more vital on hand eugenic researches make fairly interesting reading.

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In their attempt to discover facts to be used in laying down general laws for race-mixing, what has Messrs. Estabrook and McDougle done? Gone to cities like Richmond, Norfolk, and Portsmouth and studied the high types of mixed-bloods there, and then to the poorer sections and the country parts to study some of the lower types, thus arriving at some sort of balance? This is precisely what they have not done. They went into the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains where lives a group of mixed-bloods, believed to be of white, Negro and Indian descent and armed with this limited information have come out with the well known assertion that the white race is the one and only and should be guarded with as much zeal as are the sacred apes of India.

These colored people are the same type as the poor white mountaineers of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, their homes are of the poorest imaginable, with almost no educational opportunity, and away from all the broad civilizing contacts of life, yet it is this type that is selected by the Carnegie Institute for study in order to pass on race-mixing. It is the same as if a foreign scientist coming over here to study the American white man went to the Kentucky Mountains and then based his deductions on what he saw there.

Twenty-seven families have been studied, and the result as given is but one long tale of prostitution, illegitimacy, drunkenness, theft, man-crazed women, feeble-mindedness, illiteracy and disease. Indeed it hardly seems possible that people can be so bad as these are made out to be and yet survive generation after generation.

I wager if one were to go among them he would find them as kindly and as friendly as Southern colored people usually are and not the monsters of depravity they are made out to be. Also if one went among the aristocratic Virginians he would find all the vices and shortcomings charged against this people, except perhaps illiteracy.

One thing is certain if one-tenth of what is said of them is true the white people of Virginia, instead of glorying in their supposed superiority ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves for having citizens in the state so much in need of social service and a helping hand and not having given it to them.

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The following conclusion has been arrived at by the authors: "It is evident from this study that the intellectual levels of the Negro and the Indian race as now found is below the average for the white race. . . ."

Now every one knows that fact; the census shows that. But the census also shows that the intellectual average of the New York Negro is above that of the whites in states like Alabama, Mississippi, New Mexico, Louisiana, and several others. What does that prove, that the New York Negro is inherently superior to the white man in the states named? It proves rather that the former is at the centre of intellectual opportunity while the latter is in the backwash? It shows, in short, that both are products of their environment.

The book, in short, proves nothing in my opinion, except that some of the money that is being spent on missionary work abroad could be profitably used at home.

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One interesting fact in the book is this: Virginia has a so-called race integrity law compelling each person born before June, 1912, to register his or her racial ancestry, the penalty for false registration being one year's imprisonment. Now the racial classification of some of these families as shown by marriage licenses are like this: one man and his wife, both mixed Indian and white, and given as colored on the marriage license, had two children, both of whom are married as white; another couple of the same racial make-up, same color on the marriage license had one child married as Indian, another as colored, and a third as white. Another couple, the man mixed Indian, Negro, and white; and the woman mixed Indian and white, married both as colored has a son married as white; still another couple, the man, Indian, Negro and white, the woman, Negro and white and married as "black and black" have six children, two of which are married as white; three as Indian, and one as colored; and so on with several other families.

This is just a sample of the difficulty the lily-whites of Virginia are having in keeping the sheep from the goats.

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The Second Book

I turn refreshingly to the other book: "Cincinnati's Colored Citizen." by Wendell P. Dabney, editor of the Cincinnati Union. The cost of "Mongrel Virginians" is three dollars, and if it is worth that then "Cincinnati's Colored Citizens" is worth at least thirty, instead of only the three dollars and twenty-five cents asked for it. "Mongrel Virginians" has besides only 205 pages and Dabney's book 440, with the leaves more than half as large again, and well illustrated. I say this without prejudice. I bought "Mongrel Virginians," really hoping to find some broad study of the subject, interpreted of course from the white man's angle, and which I would read in my own way, I found, as I said, a narrow measly thing instead. For instance, while I thoroughly disagreed with Powell's conclusions, I consider his articles among the most valuable I have ever seen on the subject.

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Dabney's book is a historical,

(*Continued on page 223*)

BINDING THE WORKER TO HIS JOB

By BENJAMIN P. CHASS

During the last decade and especially during the last three or four years there has been in progress a nation-wide movement headed by the larger industrial leaders in the United States whose sole aim has been to bind the worker to his job. The big employers of great numbers of workers have been doing all in their power in the attempt to somehow or other interest the workers in the shop, or mine, or factory in which they are employed and by which they earn their livelihood. The employer is anxious that his employees become more interested in the work they are doing and in the industry in general. The employer is anxious for peace and content; he wants this sort of thing to reign in his establishment; and thus he is willing to do anything to bring the workers closer to their every day tasks.

Company unions or employee's representation, unemployment insurance or guaranteed employment, profit sharing, employee's stock ownership—all these means are being applied in a large number of industries throughout the country. By applying one or more of these "schemes" the employer believes that it will tend to make of the otherwise non-interested and drudging worker one that is interested and desirous of furthering peace and content within the mine or factory or shop.

More and more employers are becoming interested in this nation-wide movement. The past few years show large and steady advances.

Employee's representation or works councils are now in practice in 814 establishments located all over the country. These company unions have within their fold 1,177,000 workers In 1919 there were only 225 such company unions representing some 391,000 employees, thus illustrating the great progress made in the last five years. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was the first employer in this country to introduce and to establish the first works council; he started it in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company back in 1915.

A great number of employers have established among their employees what is known as insuring the employees in case of death or sickness. The Southern Pacific railroad is among the conspicuous in this insurance plan. They have recently taken out an insurance policy of $100,000,000 in the interest of maintaining peace and content among their working forces. This enormous policy provides life insurance for every one of this corporation's 90,000 employees who have been with the company for six months or more. The Illinois Power Company and the Consumer's Power Company of Michigan are also among the list of companies insuring their employees on the group basis.

Among the large number of companies which have adopted profit sharing or employee's stock ownership plans are the United States Steel Corporation, Standard Oil of New Jersey, New York Central Railroad, General Motors, American Woolen Company, Endicott Johnson Corporation, Ford Motors, Eastman Kodak Company, Guaranty Trust Company, New York Title and Mortgage Company and a host of others.

Still other establishments have guaranteed their employees a certain number of months work each year. The Proctor and Gamble Plan which couples profit sharing dividends of from 10 to 20 per cent with a guarantee of full pay for full time work for not less than 48 weeks in each calendar year to all who cooperate in the stock purchase plan is one of the first concerns to adopt such a plan, aside from the various Needle Trade Unions, a few of which have established unemployment insurance, both employers and employees jointly contributing to the unemployment fund.

The foregoing gives but a minute picture of the extent of the growing tendency toward industrial feudalism—which indeed all these various schemes or plans really tend to establish. Heretofore the employers set up all sorts of conveniences for their workers, such as various clubs and fraternities, giving picnics during the summer months, building gymnasiums, and so forth. This practice still continues but the employers have come to the conclusion that these "sops" do not succeed in keeping the workers contented. Hence these other plans.

What in reality is the real intent and foundation of the establishment of these various plans? And have they succeeded in establishing peace and content among the workers and in abolishing strikes? Let us examine the facts carefully. For the movement is spreading more and more and it is a problem which is well worth watching for all who are interested in the relationship between capital and labor.

It is nigh impossible to ascertain whether or not the profit sharing or employees' stock ownership plans are a success or not. It may be true that large number of workers have purchased stock in the corporation they work for, but this does not mean that these workers are any more contented with their working conditions and especially their wages than hitherto. It may be that these workers were really forced to buy stock in fear of losing their jobs; the force may be active or passive, but some sort of intimidation was used, we can be assured. Furthermore no trade unions are in existence among these workers in most of the companies which have put in practice these plans, and therefore it is impossible to ascertain whether these plans have succeeded in doing away with industrial strife.

In fact it was really the fear of the rise of trade unionism among the workers that forced these employers to establish their own plans in the attempt to benefit the employees and in some way be responsible for the welfare of these workers. This fear of the organization of the workers led the employes to bid heavily against the unions for the allegiance of the workers. This "limited sense of security is being offered them as a substitute for the real struggle to obtain a fair share of the product and industrial democracy," writes Leland Olds, well known economist and industrial editor of the Federated Press.

Hence it is the employer who is the beneficiary and not the wage-earner, although the employer would have his workers believe otherwise. "An efficient and well contented employe," says William R. Dudley, group insurance specialist operating around Chicago, "has a positive value to any employer." This coupled with the fear of the union organizer led the employers to take this step.

About the workings of the company unions or employe representation plan we have more facts; thus we can see what success has been attained by this plan to do away with strikes. The Russell Sage Foundation recently published a report of their investigation of the company union started by Mr. Rockefeller in his Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. A few extracts from the Foundation's report will shed some light upon the success or failure of the employe representation plan as practiced by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

Although the officials claim that there has been no strike since 1915, the investigators for the Foundation report that three strikes have occurred since then; in 1919, 1921, and 1922. This alone would illustrate beyond doubt that so far as being a panacea for strikes, the company union is no more than a fiasco. And the abolishment of strikes is the one fundamental thing that the company union would desire to accomplish.

"The 'employees' representatives' are men who work in the mines and who do not feel free to act in opposition to the company's interest in defense of fellow-employees; that employees are not making full use of the plan even for the presentation of grievances; that in actual practice

the employee's representatives have no share in decisions concerning reported grievances." This quotation from the unbiased report of the Russell Sage Foundation shows decidedly the inadequacy and narrowness of the company union. Moreover it tends to prove what has been asserted time and again, namely, that the power and standing of the representatives of the workers in the company union is very limited indeed; "that in actual practice the employees' representatives have no share in decisions concerning reported grievances." And of course it is quite natural and human that these so-called worker's representatives should feel sort of uneasy and biased and not entirely free in contact with the rich and mighty employers. And thus it is true in actual practice; they "do not feel free to act in opposition to the company's interest in defense of fellow-employees."

To quote further from the Foundation's report: "That the issue of trade unionism versus employees' representation is kept constantly alive by the company's refusal to permit union meetings in any building in the camps owned by the company (and all are owned by the company), by other frequent instances of antagonism to unions . . ." This statement proves conclusively the company's opposition to trade unions or even any sign of tolerating the organization of the workers into their own trade unions. Here is further shown how the freedom to assemble is entirely forbidden—if it is a meeting of the union of the United Mine Workers of America.

However the company officials claim many other gains of the company union aside from the claim that no strikes have occurred since the plan was put into operation (this latter claim has been shown to be a claim based on false facts as in the foregoing it has been stated that the Foundation reports three strikes since 1915). It is said that the plan has brought about better homes, sidewalks provided, fences erected, and streets drained. It is also claimed that there now exists better treatment of the workers by the foremen—all of which the Foundation's report admits to the advantage of the wage-earners. But the important question remains to be answered: Have these better conditions been brought about by the employee representation plan or are they due to other forces aside from this plan? Mr. Ben M. Selekman, one of the staff of the department of Industrial Studies of the Sage Foundation writing in the "Nation" states that the plan is not to be commended upon for the improvements. "There is little or no evidence to prove that they (improvements) came through the activity of the men's elected representatives. This impetus grew rather from the direct interest taken by Mr. Rockefeller in his Colorado properties after the strike of 1913-14 with its revelations of outstanding evils and abuses." Mary Van Kleeck also on the staff voices the same opinion in an article in the "New Republic." Before these improvements were brought about "it required the strike of 1913-14, with all its violence and bloodshed, to stir managerial officials and to interest Mr. Rockefeller, by focusing public opinion on existing conditions."

Again we have proof of the fact that it was the fear of the United Mine Workers of America that led Mr. Rockefeller to institute his plan of employees' representation. He feared the further uprisings of his workers; he feared the revolt of his underpaid workers who worked and lived under miserable and shocking conditions—and thus he saw it of great advantage to his interests to "throw the dog a bone" in the hope that the dog would somewhat still his barking.

But even with these improvements the workers are not satisfied as the Foundation's report makes plain. After all, these improvements are of minor importance to the workers in comparison with their wages. The amount of wages received is the major and most vital question that fundamentally interests the workers and in this respect the workers have little power. With the steel workers employed by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the power to fix wages rests entirely with the United States Steel Corporation; the steel workers have no say whatever directly or indirectly as no trade union organization is in existence. With the mine workers it is the United Mine Workers who fix the scale of wages in collective bargaining with union operators. But the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company does not deal with the union and thus is not a party to the scale of wages. However it adopts the scale agreed upon by the union and the union operators but it absolutely refuses to have any dealings with the miner's union.

The Rockefeller plan was first put into operation in 1915, but soon after other companies followed. The "Big Five" packers, as part of an open shop campaign also established the employee's representation plan. They thought it well and constructive to deal with the workers directly than through their union representatives as hitherto. But, here, too, a strike followed; industrial peace was not in sight. And hence like the Rockefeller plan it was a failure. The packers claimed that they desired to deal with their own men and not with their trade union representatives, yet the employers insist upon hiring attorneys and bankers and others to assist them in dealing with their employees. If the employers would be honest and sincere in this statement, then they themselves would deal directly with the workers instead of putting up professional spokesmen. However by this time we know the real motive behind of the employers in applying these plans. It is to destroy any vestige of organized labor—nothing less.

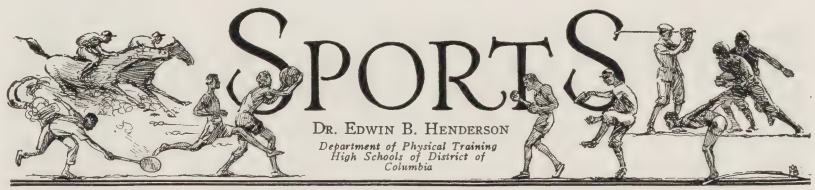
All these various panaceas for doing away with strikes in industry, we see from the foregoing, have been failures. Mr. Rockefeller basing his plan upon the idea that the interests of capital and labor are alike, committed the old, decayed fallacy. Any one can easily see that the interests of the employer and the worker are as far distant as the moon from the earth. To but consider the fact that the employer desires as high a profit as possible and the worker as high a wage as he can get, is to blow Mr. Rockefeller's contention into the brisk air. Desiring a high profit, the employer well knows he can succeed by reducing his expenses, and wages are his greatest expenses. However the workers desire to increase their earnings. Hence we always have this ceaseless conflict. And as Abraham Lincoln declared: "Thank God we have a system of labor where there can be a strike. Whatever the pressure, there is a point where the workmen may stop." Yet these company unions and other plans, like the late Kansas Industrial Court (whose fate is now history) desires to deprive the men of the right to strike or to organize their own unions.

Soon after the packers instituted the company union they declared a decrease in wages and right after this declaration 90 per cent of the packing employees went out on strike. This tends to illustrate the great and never ending non-interests of capital and labor.

The attempt to destroy and to ignore labor unions is as futile as to destroy the worker's will to fight for higher wages. It is absurd to think that the national labor organizations can at this late date in the advance of trade unionism throughout the world be ignored by the employers. The worker, alone, has not the power nor the intelligence to deal with the great and powerful corporations, hence his need of an organization and the more powerful the labor union the more respect the workers will get from the employers and the better working conditions and higher wages will follow. Even the conservative ex-President Taft and now of the Supreme Court voiced his opinion in favor of the labor union. He, too, thought it absurd to attempt to destroy labor unions. He said: "You can never down labor unionism, and you ought not to try it." Yet this warning of Taft's to the big capitalists seems to have fallen on deaf ears if we are to take the company union as an example.

Where there are no unions the corporations have established what is called profit sharing or employees' stock ownership. As stated before, the workers—that is the average worker—are no more anxious to purchase stock in the company they are employed than they were anxious to buy Liberty Bonds during the war; this not because the average worker was against the war, or not patriotic,

(*Continued on page* 221)



DR. EDWIN B. HENDERSON
Department of Physical Training
High Schools of District of Columbia

Cecil Cooke Wins

As fast as one dark light disappears from the collegiate stage another looms. Hubbard wound up his western conference work in a blaze of glory by eclipsing all previously known man made records in a broad leap of 25 feet, 10 and ⅞ inches on his last jump in his college competing career. Now here comes Cecil Cooke of Syracuse tearing off a 440 yard race after a bad start in 48 4-5 seconds to win the inter-collegiate quarter-mile championship. Cooke has been a steady performer and a versatile one. In his high school days his coach would enter Cooke in a meet and his performances would be enough to win the meet.

Famous Quarter-Milers

There is great need for an authentic compilation of records made by our athletes in various competitions. Cooke's win recalls to our mind the wonderful running of John Taylor of Penn and flying Binga Dismond of Chicago. Fifteen years ago John Taylor was winning the 440 regularly in 49 1-5 seconds, a beautiful runner, perfect in stride and pace. Then in June, 1916, Binga Dismond, who started his career here in Washington in the old I. S. A. A. games, came through with a Western Conference victory of 47 and 2-5 seconds for the double furlong distance which only one other athlete in the world has been able to do on a track with a turn, the great Ted Meredith. In and about these stellar lights have been those of bright but lesser magnitude. Graham Burwell of Syracuse, Moore of Penn State, Dewey Rogers of Penn, Harry Martin of Pittsburgh, Trigg of Ohio State, Cook of Virginia Union, and others.

Scholarship and Athletics

Occasionally some educator intolerant of athletics and other education for life by way of doing things as well as learning, comes forth with the cry that athletics makes for poor scholarship and endangers further serious study on the part of the star athlete. The writer hastily surveyed a history of the letter men of a prominent Eastern public high school for the year 1921-22. There were 37 men of the various classes in the high school who were awarded letters for playing on championship teams of football, baseball, basketball, and track during that school year. 30 of the 37 matriculated at some college. 20 went to Howard University, 3 to Amherst, 2 to Lincoln, 1 each to Syracuse and Illinois, 2 to Michigan, and 1 to Rochester. One is dead who entered Howard, six are employed at profitable service of which number three are married. Only one who could not make the grade at this school transferred, became a star athlete elsewhere and is now only a tramp athlete. It is doubtful if any other 37 boys could show a better record in training for or actually taking up citizenship duties. Of the above number in college several have won the Phi Beta Kappa keys and some are now pursuing professional honors. One is the best small college athlete in his section and is captain of a college team.

Howard, Hampton, Lincoln Hold Meets

Of the three big meets, the one conducted by Hampton was easily the most classy affair. Every detail was foreseen and provided for. Competition was keen and new records were hung up. The meet began on time, did not drag and the last field event was cleaned up and the inner field cleared ten minutes before Hubbard gave his final exhibition and the championship relays were run. Howard's meet although handled better than the preceding year was not nearly up to the mark of previous years. A lack of real collegiate competition occasioned much apathy. Lincoln University handicapped by inexperienced officials was not expected to conduct a top-notch meet but it was a satisfactory start. Howard athletes won at Howard and Lincoln and Hampton gathered in its points trophies and relay cup.

Manassas the Year's Sensation

Under the tutelage of Teddy Chambers a former Howard athlete, the Northern Virginia high school lads made a clean sweep of every point and relay trophy offered at Howard and at Hampton. At Howard these boys won the meet against the strong competition of boys from Dunbar High School, Douglass High School of Baltimore, and Bordentown of New Jersey. At Hampton they won not only the Virginia relay but the championship scholastic relay as well. In football and baseball the teams made a splendid showing. One good coach, and an enthusiastic administrator who appreciates the character and citizenship training possibilities of athletics can do great things for a small school.

Washington and Baltimore colored folk have finally launched a country club. Situated about midway between Baltimore and Washington on the Baltimore to Washington boulevard, surrounded by 23 acres of land with beautiful groves and natural play spaces, is the club house which with mature shrubbery and beautiful views lends itself admirably to purposes of a club house. A golf course is being laid out and tennis courts are in the making. Rooms for showers and pool, dining and dancing hall furnish members opportunity for sport and recreation far away from the congested noisome cities.

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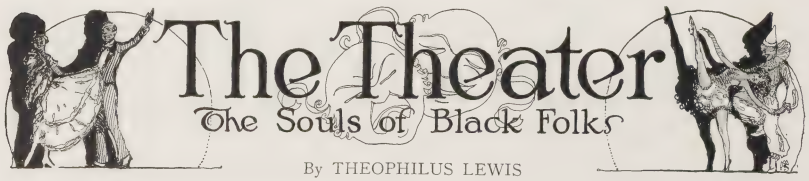


By THEOPHILUS LEWIS

Bird's Eye View of the Negro Theatre

The theatre is something more than a mere place of entertainment. It is the vehicle of two important arts—drama and acting. It is from this point of view that I shall discuss the Negro theatre. The Negro stage should be a vital force in the spiritual life of the race; it should constantly delight Negro men and women and in its moments of affluence it should exalt them also; and it should crystallize that delight and exaltation in a form worthy of being preserved as a part of our racial contribution to the general culture of mankind. In this article and in others to follow I shall discuss with what measure of success the Negro theatre is performing this function.

The Negro Theatre and Its Public

Although the theatre as an independent institution begins with the actor and is made by him a discussion of the theatre can quite properly begin with the public. The basic aim of the theatre is and always has been to entertain either the whole community or as large a portion of it as possible. Twice in the course of European history it is possible to trace the development of the theatre from its origin to its maturity, and each time it evolved itself out of a crowd and never relinquished its efforts to appeal to the desires and tastes and even the whims of the populace.

Nowhere is the intimate relationship between art and life more clearly expressed than it is by the reciprocity existing between the public and the stage. When the stage gets too far in advance of the public, which it seldom does, it loses contact with all the people but a few fastidious intellectuals who are never numerous or interested enough to give the theatre adequate support. When the stage fails to keep abreast of popular ideas and morality, which is to say when it becomes too unsophisticated and too coarse, as it frequently does, the public will again withdraw its support and perhaps call in the police to remedy matters. But when the stage adjusts itself to the prevailing spiritual requirements of the people, satisfying their soul hunger with appropriate diversion, it receives the full measure of public approval which is always its greatest reward.

The public of the Negro theatre is divided in two groups. One group which supports the theatre with its money, presence and applause, while the other group stays away and favors the theatre with the boon of its criticism. Although it may at first appear inconsistent with the content of the preceding paragraph the second group, perhaps, is quite as influential in making the Negro theatre what it is as the first group. The first group is recruited from the lower levels of the race while the second consists of the educated classes who, because of their higher standard of life, make more exacting demands on the theatre.

The Groundlings Pay the Fiddler

Naturally enough, the people who pay their money to get in the theatre are going to exert a more direct influence on the stage. A theatre financed by the state or a group of powerful patrons can to a limited extent ignore the demands of its immediate audience and address its appeal to what it considers a worthier part of the community, hoping eventually to attract that part of the public to its performances. But a theatre supported by admission fees must be immediately responsive to the wishes of the people in the seats. When the theatre lives on the quarters and half dollars of unlettered and lewd folks, laborers and menials and hoidens and hoodlums and persons who are materially prosperous but spiritually bankrupt, it must present the kind of entertainment its clientele can comprehend and enjoy; which means it must devote itself to exaggerated buffoonery, obscene farce and sex-exciting dancing, supplemented with such curiosities as giants, midgets, acrobats, musical seals and mathematical jackasses.

This does not mean that the audience the Negro theatre at present caters to is vicious. It is merely vulgar. But the influence it exerts on the theatre is vicious. It drives the more sensitive and intelligent actors out of the theatre and discourages those who remain from attempting innovations. Thus we see that a part of the responsibility for the Negro theatre remaining at a standstill fully thirty years can be laid at the door of the public.

It should not be presumed that because the Negro theatre and its active public are low in tone that it is any the less a medium of spiritual expression. No matter how complex or refined a civilization becomes a large proportion, perhaps a majority, of the individuals of which it is composed will always remain primitive intellectually and spiritually. Dean Inge, in Society in Rome under the Caesars, and Brander-Matthews, in The Development of the Drama, describe conditions existing in the Roman theatre under the Empire which all but precisely parallel conditions in the Negro theatre today. This will not surprise us when we reflect that, regardless of time or place, the tastes of primitive men are approximately the same. The spectator in the Roman theatre was in most cases a legal slave or a beggar and like the spectator in the Negro theatre today, who is in most cases an economic slave or a loafer, he wanted to forget his life of drudgery for an hour or so while luxuriating in what he considered were the joys of a sybarite. His theatre adapted itself to his low aspirations just as the Negro theatre has adapted itself to the similar low aspirations of the hall boys and servant girls who fill its auditoriums. The modern Negro audience is worthy of a little more respect, however; for the Roman theatre was supported by the state and wealthy citizens while the Negro audience pays its way with its hard earned money, and insisting that what it pays for be adjusted to suit its taste is an honest and manly attitude.

Indifference of the Better Class

From an esthetic point of view a low spiritual tone is not necessarily an unwholesome one. The important thing is that the spiritual expression of a people should be spontaneous and unaffected. This point is almost always overlooked by the better class Negroes who are dissatisfied with the prevailing condition of the Negro stage. This class with its higher ideals, higher morals and higher aspirations should be the leavening factor in the audience of the Negro theatre, in which case the stage in adjusting itself to the tastes of both the higher and lower elements would reflect the mean of race culture. But by its inconstant attendance the better class deprives the stage of that censorship of the intelligent without the guidance of which the theatre cannot adapt its appeal to the requirements of its entire public.

The indifference of the better class, perhaps, is not its worst fault. The ideal audience goes to the theatre with the simple desire to be entertained with some kind of theatrical exhibition. If it is pleased with the performance it rewards the players with its applause; if its taste or morals or intelligence is offended by the performance it makes its disapproval known by remaining silent or dispersing its interest. The one thing this ideal audience demands is that its desire for pleasure be satisfied in a manner consistent with indigenous ideas of propriety. But when the higher type of Negro goes into the theatre he commonly ignores his own tastes as well as the desires of the lower elements in the audience and demands that the performance be adjusted to a set of standards alien to both. He insists on the Negro theatre copying the suave

manners and conventions of the contemporary white American theatre, unaware that the white stage reflects the racial experience of a people whose cultural background has never resembled ours since the beginning of history. Now and again our stage has attempted to give its better class patrons what they demanded but the result has ever been a vexatious artificiality that quickly alienated even that part of its audience which desired the innovation.

The theatre, facing the hard choice between directing its appeal toward a group with relatively high but artificial standards of taste and a group with low but genuine standards, submits to the dictation of the lower element of its audience because it is willing to pay for what it wants while its better class patrons are dissatisfied even when they get what they demand. This domination of our stage by the dregs of the race, while it is unfortunate in some respects, is at least a healthier state of affairs than the ascendancy of sniffish indifference and affectation would be; for sincerity, however crudely expressed, is at the root of every true art. Besides the financial support of the groundlings does keep some sort of theatre in existence. This assures us of the slow evolution of a theatrical tradition and it keeps a corps of performers in contact with the technique of the playhouse and the atmosphere of the theatre. When dramatists begin to appear they will find a body of actors skilled in at least the rudiments of their art.

BOOK REVIEWS

HELOISE AND ABELARD, by George Moore. In two volumes. Published by Boni-Liveright.

Any book written by George Moore is preordained by his tutelary muse deities to be both audacious and delightful. I make this statement rather boldly as I have not as yet read the entire literary output of the author, but I have read Esther Waters, Confessions of a Young Man, Conversations in Ebury Street, Hail and Farewell, and the volumes now being reviewed, which appear for the first time in a popular edition although they were published in a de luxe, limited edition some years ago. And even though I do not know the names of any other books written by him I stand prepared to back up my first statement that they are all audacious and delightful.

Now I realize that those two adjectives can be as easily and as dogmatically applied to works of dubious literary value, and that within themselves they note no literary pre-eminence. It is the rare author indeed who can gain the contemporary critical stamp as an indubitable producer of classic literature, and still be termed delightful, even if he be audacious; yet, George Moore is such a *rara avis*.

Heloise and Abelard rank with Troilus and Cassida, Dante and Beatrice, Romeo and Juliet, as tragic lovers, who, *ipso facto*, have gained immortality. They lived in France during the middle ages when the Catholic Church dominated and directed the destinies of the civilized world, in the days when the western Crusaders sought to vanquish the eastern Saracens—sought to retrieve the lost Holy Land, in the days when even a slight deviation from the existent religious tenets was punishable, as was the widely renowned witchcraft of the day, by burning at the stake, flaggelation or decapitation, in the days when the *haute monde* spoke Latin leaving the national vulgate to be developed by the *hoi polloi*.

Those were interesting (to us) old days, but hardly conducive to a roseate romance such as Heloise and Abelard, perfect lovers as they were, should have experienced, and it is the trend of the times that frustrates the flowering of their devotion, and foredooms them to taste bitter gall instead of soothing ambrosia.

George Moore is a master of the literary presentation of amours whether they be his own subjective experiences (real or imaginary according to Mr. Moore's whims) or whether they be far removed objective phenomena as in the present case. He is also a master at introducing amusing anecdote and crudite digression. Thus we find our main theme being studded with realistic presentations of France during the middle ages; studded with realistic presentations of her people, her customs, her pastimes; studded throughout with true literary gems. We also are treated with peeps into the famed Courts of Love that furnished amusement and carnal satiation to the bored elite during the time, and we get glimpses into the vagabond life of the southern troubadors and the northern trouveres who made their way over the bandit infested highways to sing in the various wayside inns as well as at the various courts of chivalrous knights and flirtatious ladies. And, to our delight, we get a cross section of the lives of the monks and nuns in the monasteries and convents. These monks were gay old dogs who, in between muttering Te deums, and indulging in religious persecution, drank much wine and dawled with lithe dancing maidens, and minstrel boys, who the author tells us were sometimes preferred to the girls "because their love was more ardent."

If the above material seemed more important to me than the tragic course of the title characters *affair du coeur* it does not necessarily indicate that the author has written an intellectual treatise rather than an emotional love tale. I must confess, however, that before I had reached the end of the second volume I was not very interested in Heloise and Abelard (which I might add parenthetically may denote the presence of a despised and for the most part suppressed pedantic strain in the reviewer), and even fate's final gesture of frustration—the luring away of their child to join the children's battalion of Crusaders, the castration of Abelard by his jealous church brethren—failed to excite me. I was far more interested in Moore's unsentimental presentation of the middle ages intellectual and emotional life.

Yet Moore's pair of lovers are by no means of the slushy variety. Their phenomenal devotion to one another is as attributal to the more tangible intellectual and physical forces as it is to the less intangible psychic and supposedly God-given forces that are generally paraded out to explain the passions that exist between men and women. I was much more attached and much more interested in Heloise than I was in Abelard, for she seemed to be the finer of the two. She was at least the finer drawn, and I am almost convinced that Moore was also prejudiced, for the gestures she makes are the gestures of a superwoman while the gestures of Abelard are for the most part purely masculine and purely normal. Women are always I suppose more intense realists than men, and Heloise is a super-realist, for never once does she attempt to mask her true aims and ambitions beneath altruistic or soothing illusions. She submits to Abelard without benefit of clergy because she felt passions urge, and because she loved him. She at first refused to marry him because she realized that to bring about a fruition successful of his budding career it was necessary for him to remain in the Church, which of course postulated bachelorhood. She consented to marry him only when she was practically assured that the same would save his life and at the same time remain a secret thereby not interfering with his precious (to her) development. Her entrance into the convent, her patient awaiting for their re-union, her heroic acceptance of the loss of her child, and her final gesture of choosing to remain Abelard's emotional and physical slave when he finally comes to her a broken, disabled sterile monk all serve to place stars in her crown. The Heloise limned by George Moore is undoubtably a true saint devoid of cant and hypocrisy, and set up in my personal shrine as really worth reverence.

BLUES, edited by W. H. Hanby; with an introduction by Abbe Niles, and illustrations by Covarrubias. Published by Albert and Charles Boni.

It was inevitable I suppose that during the present epidemic of Negrophobia the Blues should finally come in for their share of honor and respectability. Negro poetry, Negro spirituals, and Negro prose (?) have all had their day of analyzation and acclaim, but the blues, which of them all have had the most telling effect upon American life, have been left to the last.

For many long years variations of the blues motif have

been seeping into the main American cultural stream. It has been borrowed and berated, damaged and damned. It has caused a distinct change in vocal, orchestra, and dance technique, and to some extent has even influenced certain poetry and prose. Fond parents have shivered when they happened to hear their absorbing offsprings moan haunting melodies, have shivered, protested, and then shivered again as they in turn succumbed to this savage musical mesmerism, and in turn became shaking addicts of the shimmy or calisthenic addicts of the Charleston. For all these things are the blues responsible, and once having exterminated the ragtime of the mauve decade, they precipitated the jazz era, and furnished America with her first contribution to musical art. True there has been an evidently endless argument anent the question of whether jazz is music or not. Gilbert Seldes, whom Abbe Niles quotes in his brilliant introduction to this volume, seems to have the best definition thus far formulated. He says, in essence, that jazz is not music, but rather an American form of playing music. This must be narrowed down to modern music, for jazz strains entered into the music of some of our most revered old masters.

W. B. Handy is the acknowledged father of the blues, even though such acknowledgment has come rather late. Not so very long ago there was quite a furor aroused because some Broadway mogul had, in arranging a blues melees, included everyone except the man who first unearthed this folk music, and who first arranged it for public delectation. Handy was always the musician, and his keen ear both appreciated and remembered the vagrant ditties of his vagrant associates. He eavesdropped upon these dark troubadours while they worked in the cotton fields and on the levees or while they played upon street corners, saloons, and bawdy houses, and the rhythmic harmonies he heard upon these occasions were later sublimated and glorified into such pieces as "The St. Louis Blues," "Mr. Crump," and their many followers and derivatives.

Handy's life and accomplishments are ably set forth by Abbe Niles in his introduction. In addition to this Niles also gives us an analytic survey of the birth and development of the blues, as well as a treatment of their melodic motifs, and their harmonic structure. He also supplies us with much invaluable detail concerning their propagators. His introduction is one of those rare scholarly treatises, pregnant with information, yet remarkably free of pedantics.

Mention must be made of the Covarrubias illustrations done to the tempo di blues. To be both modern and brief—they are immense. Some of our more stiff-necked bourgeoise brethren will no doubt avert their eyes hurriedly from such blasphemous and misrepresentative pictures, but the fact remains that they are terse, excellent and realistic mood interpretations.

All in all blues is a worthy monument to W. C. Handy, and a worthy anthology for all those interested in assembling evidence of Aframerican influence upon American culture, and most important of all, besides being a beautiful and worthy volume it just fits the piano rack, and will prove an invaluable aid to parlor entertainment.

WALLACE THURMAN.

TEEFTALLOW, by T. S. Stribling. Published by Doubleday, Page and Co. Price, $2.00.

I was reading "Teeftallow," when a friend of mine wished to know "What it was all about." I answered that the author was giving a realistic depiction of life among the inhabitants of the Tennessee Hill country. "Does he damn them?" my friend asked with interest. "Well," I hesitated, "not exactly——" and then I sought to formulate my nebulous thought, but before I could do so my friend had interjected "No, I guess not, for God has done that already."

Teeftallow is to Lane County, Tennessee, what Main Street is to Gopher Prairie, Minnesota, and what Barren Ground is to the decadent backwoods of Virginia. The cover blurb informs us that herein Mr. Stribling "argues no cause, pleads for nothing, suggests no change." He doesn't, but one cannot help feeling that as a creator of characters the author is somewhat akin to the creator of our cosmos, which is to say that once he gets the toe of his boot working regularly on one's posterior regions he forgets to remove it for any appreciable period.

Abner Teeftallow, the title character, is a hill-billy raised in the poorhouse, and "with a brain unspoiled by book learnin'; a judge fer a grandaddy, and a crazy woman fer a mammy." With this auspicious ancestral heritage and environmental influence Abner is precipitated into a typical Tennessean milieu at the age of seventeen, and left to "sink or swim." That anyone could survive in this morass of moral whoremongers, religious fanatics, and uninspired ignoramuses is more than one can imagine. Yet Abner, wholly in tune with his environment, does survive, and acts as a catalytic guide, for the readers through this hot-bed of fervid fundamentalism. Meanwhile he experiences an adolescent sex affair, a whipping at the hands of the "white-caps" whom he himself had helped to organize, and a second love affair which results in his losing a recently acquired and long withheld fortune.

If the people of Tennessee are truthfully delineated in this volume, one need no longer wonder anent the phenomenal success of Bryanism and other such contemporary hokum. In a land where the solitary school-teacher aligns himself with a fanatical preacher to save the young lambs of the land from being taught that their grandfathers were monkeys; in a land where the church deacon is also the country usurer, and charges two per cent above the legal rate of interest on loans: in a land where the chief charity worker and Christian beacon light will go out of her way to inspire mob spirit, and then hound a "fallen" girl to the point of desperation; in a land where as a sequential reaction to a religious revival, Kluxism, fueled by the fiery fanaticism of frustrated old maids, and nonsatiated married men and women, runs riot, rides bootleggers and ladies of joy out of town on rails, tars and feathers chicken-thieves, hangs a white man as the premier *piece de resistance* of the celebration, and then, characteristically attempts to vent the rest of their sublimated passion upon the girl Abner has seduced; as I say, in such a land one would expect anything to happen.

Thus are the people with whom Mr. Stribling populates Teeftallow's world. A hard, primitive lot, yet nevertheless the sons of our pioneers and the fathers of our future Americans. Even when one grows pessimistic concerning them, one cannot help but feel somewhat sympathetic, for one realizes that the fault lies not so much within as it does without, and that it is the barrenness and uneventfulness of their environment that renders them so petty, so pitiful to us more sophisticated people. These people gossip because they have no other subjects of conversation save the activities of their neighbors. They indulge in religious fanaticism of the most fervid kind, because they must have some outlet for their repressed urges and their riling inhibitions. They lynch a hapless black or an unlucky white because they have no other form of passionate celebration in which to participate. They disrespect the law because nine-tenths of the law they see functioning is either totally asinine or totally ineffective.

It is to Mr. Stribling's credit that he takes account of these things. Thus he escapes being assailed as a myopic or partial observer; thus he gives the impression of having spied upon these people and of having penetrated into their every native emotion, their every concrete thought. After which he seems to have been able to present his material entirely from an objective viewpoint seldom letting any subjective prejudice or reaction color his vigorous and vital narrative.

WALLACE THURMAN.

BEREAN SCHOOL

DAY, COMMERCIAL NIGHT, TRADES

Second Semester, February 9, 1926

CLASSES NOW FORMING

Write the Principal

MATTHEW ANDERSON

S. College Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR NEXT STEP

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH, *General Organizer*

Dear Brethren and Fellow Workers, Greetings:

We have reached another mile post in our onward steady march toward our goal. We are ready for action and we are in action for the achievement of our objectives, namely, a living wage, 240 hours or less in regular assignment, better working conditions, and the recognition of our movement as the instrument lawfully to settle disputes on wages and working conditions between the Pullman Porters and Maids and the Pullman Company. Through eight or more months of intensive struggle, we have built up a powerful organization which has won the recognition and admiration of friend and foe. Throughout our steady, progressive and dramatic march forward, some have doubted, many feared, others denied that our goal could be realized. But withal, the iron-battalions of the Brotherhood have never faltered. The question of whether we could organize or not has been definitely and unequivocally answered. We have done the deed in manlike fashion; we have scaled apparently insurmountable heights of obstacles and opposition, subdued and routed relentless and bitter enemies. Confronted by the most formidable forces ever arrayed against a movement, we have ploughed our way on through to victory after victory to the deafening acclaim of an aroused and enlightened public.

Doubtless we have made some mistakes, all movements do. That was inevitable in a great forward, soul stirring effort. But they have not been grievous. Our policies have been and are sound. They are based upon the most rigid experience and knowledge of the labor movement. Had they not been sound, the organization would have blown up long since. Moreover, besides being structurally and organically correct, our heart, our purpose, our vision has been and is right. But, brethren, our achievement, though marvelous, creditable, stupendous and thrilling, is just our beginning. Despite the fact responsible, seasoned, hard-boiled and experienced labor leaders readily admit that our work of organization in the last eight or more months overshadows the results of a large number of unions that have been in existence eight or more years, we must not be lulled into a false sense of security, of inactivity and contentment. Yes, they consider our work veritably phenomenal. But let us not become drunk with the red wine of our achievements, however challenging they may be to the opposition. Life is one continuous struggle. Our struggle is not for a week or a month or a year, but for all time. We are building for generations of black children unborn. That we may build for the future securely, we have sought with deliberation, patience, labor, study and sacrifice, to lay our foundation upon the rock of truth and justice, in order that we may weather the fierce storms of adversity. This has required and will continue to require of every Brotherhood man that he realize that the things that are permanent, enduring and imperishable are not of mushroom growth, but that an enduring and stable structure must rest upon a sure and solid foundation which is the work of time, intelligence and devotion. Without a recognition of this fact nothing of substantial value can be achieved. The landmarks of progress are the results of ceaseless, continuous and prolonged struggle. The powerful railroad organizations are over a half century old, and they are still working to increase their power, to educate their members, to increase their wages and improve their working conditions.

Thus it is obvious to any one that the accomplishments of the Brotherhood in the last eight or more months are nothing short of a miracle.

Now, in order that our next step may be correctly placed and timed, we have sought the advice and guidance of Mr. Donald Richberg.

Donald R. Richberg and the Brotherhood

It is a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Richberg knows more about the Watson-Parker Bill, which enacted the Railway Labor Act, under which the Mediation Board will be set up and function, than any living man in America, since he, together with Mr. Thom, who represented the Association of Railway Executives, wrote it. He represented the twenty standard railroad unions.

In reference to our case and situation, it is Mr. Richberg's opinion that the Brotherhood should permit one of the standard railroad unions of great power and means to go before the Mediation Board first and fully test and employ the entire machinery of the new Act before we present our case to the Board. His reason is based upon the fact that a standard railroad labor organization is more prepared to secure favorable precedents and interpretations of principles for organized railway employees, who seek to employ the method of collective bargaining as against the company union, sugar-coated the employee representation plan, than the Brotherhood would be or the Pullman conductor's organization, or any of the smaller unions. He feels that our case will be greatly and materially strengthened, if, when we go before the Board, we are able to point to precedents and interpretations on wages and working conditions, which have already been made by the Board, under the new law, that are, in principle, similar to our own case. The logic of this reasoning is seen by the fact that if a given precedent or interpretation applies in one case it must, ipso facto, apply in another case which is analogous. In his opinion, it is more to our advantage to profit from the pioneer work and experience before the Board of a powerful standard railroad organization, which will mobilize all of its forces in getting the Board to take the right position on organized labor, than for the Brotherhood to have the responsibility and burden of doing that job, which would be necessary were we to be the first to take our case to the Board. The only question involved, Brethren and Fellow Workers, is the question of the advantage, of benefit, of favorable result. If it were more advantageous for the Brotherhood to be the first to go before the Board, it would be logical and sound and proper that we should do so. But if a greater advantage is to be secured by permitting some other union to precede us, it is the part of wisdom for us to adopt the latter course of action. There is no better or abler person in America from whom we can find out which course of action is the proper one to pursue than Donald R. Richberg. He is an expert in Railroad Labor Law, in Trade Union policy and strategy.

Besides, be it remembered, brethren, that Frank P. Walsh, celebrated labor lawyer and Donald R. Richberg are associated together in working on and presenting our case. Therefore, let every Brotherhood man increase his zeal, interest, devotion and enthusiasm for the building up of our great movement. Our supreme test is at hand. We cannot and must not hesitate, procrastinate, or equivocate. In these times, events are moving swiftly. In the very near future, the Board will be making interpretations and setting down precedents which we must be able to avail ourselves of, readily, promptly and effectively. Fortunately we have made a thorough and assuring technical preparation. We have mobilized the very best talent as economists and lawyers available in the country.

Present Plan of Action

Mr. Richberg, Mr. Frank P. Walsh and your humble servant are now busy working out plans, policies and methods of procedure for handling the Brotherhood's case. In an extended conference of several hours, Mr. Richberg and myself went into practically every phase of our problem, detailedly. It is quite evident that he is deeply sympathetic with our cause and concerned that

we win our demands, build up and maintain a powerful and constructive organization.

Our Immediate Task

Our immediate task now is steadily to increase our ranks. Let us realize that our main reliance must be our own organization. No amount of experts can win our case unless they are backed by a large, devoted membership which are active and regularly pay dues. The Mediation Board cannot win our case for us. Its function is to see to it that certain fundamental principles of justice are observed by both the management and the organized railway employees in the negotiation of wages and working conditions. Unless the workers' cause is just, and unless they are strongly organized to present their cause, no board or court can be of any value whatever to them. There is no special magic power in the Mediation Board; the chief virtue lies in the strength of our movement and the strength of our movement depends mainly upon the per cent of porters and maids of the entire number employed by the Pullman Company who have joined our ranks by the time we are ready to present our case.

Therefore, let us not permit a single porter or maid to remain outside the ranks of the organization. Many are still laboring under fear; others are simply ignorant of what it is all about. But they belong with us and they must and will come in. It is our duty to show them the light through persistent and intelligent persuasion. It is quite obvious that no reasonable man, Pullman porter or not, can resist the force and logic of our appeal. Certainly, no porter will admit that he is unwilling to cooperate with a movement which will benefit himself and his family.

Porters Need Have No Fear

As for fear, no porter need have any fear now of becoming a Brotherhood man. The Pullman Company has long since seen and recognized the futility of victimizing men for joining the union. Even when it fired men who were suspected of being union men, the Brotherhood was rapidly increasing its membership. Under the most intense and bitter fire of opposition, we piled up thousands upon thousands of members. There were men who simply would not be daunted or intimidated. Now it would seem that the Pullman Company has abandoned its policy of reprisals against union porters. Of course, it could not have consistently maintained such a policy in view of the existence of the Pullman Conductors' Union which it has recognized and permitted to function.

Brethren, it is paramount and important that we appreciate for once and for all time that the future of the Brotherhood lies in the hands of each and every member. It cannot fail with the support of the members and it cannot succeed without that support. No one can cause it to fail but the members, and no one can cause it to succeed but the members. Friends may help us but our salvation lies in our own hands. We can make or unmake ourselves. Of course the leadership must be intelligent, honest and courageous, free and independent of corrupt influences. This, I assure you, need not ever give you occasion for alarm, doubt or distrust. In the armory of our thoughts we may forge the weapons by which we may either destroy or build up a great constructive movement, which will ever be a tribute to the porters in particular, and a monument of glory to the race in general. By the right and true appreciation of constructive thought and dynamic, vital spirit, we may ascend to higher levels of organizational perfection and usefulness, but by succumbing to fear, doubt and ignorance, we may plunge ourselves into utter and irretrievable defeat and ruin.

Well, has it been stated that of all beautiful truths of tongue or pen, none is more gladdening or fruitful of human promise and worth than this—That man is the master of thought, the moulder of character, the maker and shaker of conditions, environment and destiny.

By the same token, be it said, and accurately too, that the Pullman Company cannot defeat us. It is not our enemy. We are not fighting it. The cause is in ourselves that we are overworked and underpaid. Nor is it wholly just and correct for the Pullman porters to assign as the cause of their low wages, long hours and poor working conditions, race or color. Verily, the cause of our handicaps is the sheer, downright lack of manhood, of stamina, of guts and spirit on the part of the Pullman porters for the last fifty years. The cause lies in the ignoble, demoralizing and destructive psychology of "let well enough alone, it can't be done, the white folks won't stand for this or that," the distrust of the ability of the Negro to do the things of a white man. Too long have we, as a people, been prone to put all of our burdens and difficulties on the bent back of race and color, seeking an excuse for our lack of push, determination and will to achieve. Of course, race and color are factors in influencing our condition. But they are, by no manner of means, all. If we are real, red-blooded, he-men, we should not whine and cry over our lot, for it is within our own power to change it. Again, fellow workers, permit me to emphasize the fact that our success will depend upon our intelligent recognition of all sides of the question, namely, that we have obligations, responsibilities and duties to observe and recognize in the interest of the Pullman Company and the public. Our job is producing the service which the company sells. In order that an increasingly large number of people will buy that service, we must use our intelligence and initiative in order that we may progressively raise the standard and quality of that service. This means that, as Brotherhood men, we have the responsibility to keep our minds on the question of *service* as well as on wages and working conditions. Because our ability to get the *latter* will depend largely upon our efficiency in producing the *former* as well as upon our *organization*. We must at all times realize that we should merit the privileges, rewards and rights we seek as union men. We must remove all cause for complaint against our service by either the Pullman Company or the traveling public. It is ours to toe the mark. We must convince the company and the public that it is in the interest of a higher standard of service that the principle of cooperation between the management and the Brotherhood be recognized and observed. We must demonstrate to the company that we are fully appreciative *of the service need and value of efficiency,* courtesy, sobriety, honesty and industry. We must also demonstrate that a living wage, shorter hours of work, better conditions under which to work, will constitute a definite asset to the company, in that it will serve to maintain a high quality of Pullman porters and maids in the service.

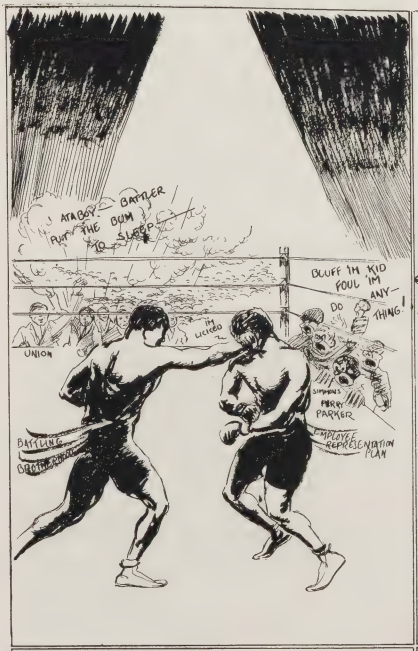
Achieving Success

As for success, we have already succeeded. We have built a fighting and constructive organization which is easily the most significant thing Negroes have done in America. It is bringing and will continue to bring to the race more consideration, more respect, more independence and more power than any other single effort we have ever undertaken, that is, if each Brotherhood man and woman is loyal, patriotic and devoted, and will put his shoulders to the wheels and work, without let or hindrance, night and day, with heart and soul, mind and body, to make our movement one hundred per cent in members and spirit. It can be done. It will and must be done. But it cannot nor will it be done if each Brotherhood man folds his arms and depends upon his brother to do the job or for something miraculous to turn up.

Attitude of Mind

The thoughtless, the ignorant and the indolent people in the world, seeing only the apparent effects of things and not the things themselves, talk of luck, of fortune, and chance. Seeing a man grow rich, they say "How lucky he is!" Observing another become intellectual, they exclaim, "How highly favored he is!" And noting the saintly character and wide influence of another, they remark, "How chance aids him at every turn!" They

(*Continued on page 221*)


I ARABY— BATTLER
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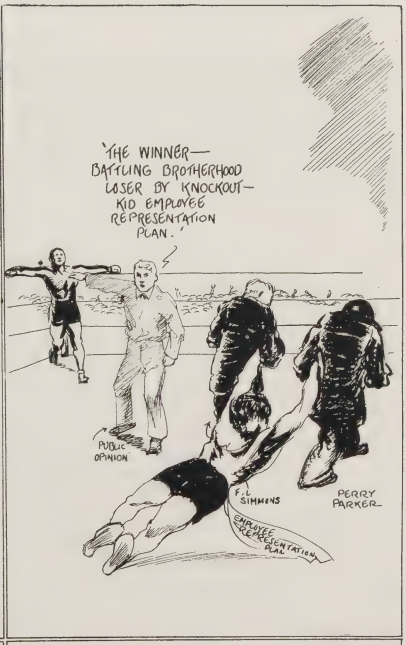

'THE WINNER— BATTLING BROTHERHOOD LOSER BY KNOCKOUT— KID EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION PLAN.'
PUBLIC OPINION
F. L. SIMMENS
PERRY PARKER
EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION PLAN

F.L. SIMMONS
PERRY PARKER

'THE EVIL THAT MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM. HE DIED IN HIS SINS.'
'IF YOU HAVE TEARS — PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW.'
—AND MAY HE NEVER RISE AGAIN.'
PERRY PARKER
F.L. SIMMONS
UNION
PUBLIC OPINION
KID EMPLOYEE REPRESENTATION PLAN
OBLIVION

NOTES OF THE BROTHERHOOD

Los Angeles

One of the most interesting and active centers on the organization campaign tour of Brother Totten and myself, was Los Angeles, California.

The first meeting held in the beautiful Second Baptist Church, was astonishingly large. I was ill physically and mentally, my affliction was deepened and accentuated upon arrival in Los Angeles by the news of my mother's death. With bitter tears scalding my inner self, I essayed to speak, after Mr. J. B. Bass, Editor of the California *Eagle*, who presided, had introduced Brother Totten, who denounced, in his characteristic vigorous style, the stool-pigeons. The response of the vast audience to the message of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, was thoroughly stimulating.

Meetings were held afternoons and evenings a week or more. At all of the meetings were large enthusiastic audiences.

All through our tour we had given an afternoon especially for women, at which I talked on the New Mission of the Negro Woman. In Los Angeles, we held one of our largest ladies' meetings. We formed a ladies auxiliary of which Miss Manila Owens was chosen temporary secretary. Recently Mrs. Lula Slaughter, was elected president.

At the invitation of the Dean of the Graduate School of Economics, I spoke at the University of Southern California on the economic aspect of the Negro Problem.

Through the request of Mrs. Lula Slaughter who is the president of the Sojourner Truth Home, I addressed a group of Los Angeles' leading colored women on Psychology and Race Progress. I also addressed the Los Angeles Central Trades and Labor Council, which gave a hearty welcome to our message, and, perhaps, the largest liberal forum in Los Angeles, on the Brotherhood. At a special meeting of the Building Loan and Trust Company, I discussed the Economic Future of the Negro. By a special invitation, I talked on the Problems of Business before the Negro Business Men's Club of Los Angeles.

One of the most interesting and delightful affairs I attended was a dinner given in my honor by the colored newspaper men of Los Angeles. It was the first time I had ever witnessed all of the colored newspaper men of a city get together on anything. A spirit of good fellowship pervailed throughout the evening. We met a royal hospitality among the porters and friends everywhere. Because of the great burden of sorrows I had borne and was bearing, I sought their surcease in a most thrilling and spectacular drive from Los Angeles to Imperial Valley of Southern California, and spent a day on the magnificent ranch of Mr. Robert Owens, who very generously made the trip possible as well as enjoyable.

We were successful in forming an organizing committee of some of the most responsible and oldest men in the district. Mr. George S. Grant, a brilliant young colored man, whose business is in real estate, was chosen as the secretary-treasurer.

Our stay in Los Angeles closed with a monster mass meeting in the Second Baptist Church of Dr. Griffin. Before the meeting, I had been handed, by a citizen for a porter, a list of questions bearing on the organization, to answer. From the applause, my answers met with general approval.

Salt Lake City

Our next stop was Salt Lake City, the Capital of the Mormons. A high interest was manifest, although a few porters joined, there being only a few in the district. An Organizing Committee and a Ladies Auxiliary were formed here also.

Denver

Denver, Colorado, was the only place we experienced any difficulty in securing transportation. All sorts of subterfuges were obviously employed in order to give us inconvenience in getting to our next destination. It was only through the efforts of Brother Palmer, Editor of the *Colorado Labor Advocate*, that we eventually got Pullman reservations, after having been told repeatedly that there were none.

In Denver, we met a resolute opposition from the Negro papers. Both the *Denver Star* and the *Statesman*, like the *Enterprise* of Mr. Wilson in Seattle, Washington, fought the Brotherhood. Needless to say that their arguments were childish. At the first meeting, the Mayor of Denver and ex-Governor Sweet, spoke and also the President of the Colorado Federation of Labor.

The sensation of the meeting came when Dr. Prince, the pastor of the church in which the meetings were held, announced that he had been offered $250 to $300 to refuse Randolph and Totten his church. When he told the audience that he refused it, deafening applause greeted it. The organization was extremely fortunate in getting Dr. Prince to serve as its secretary. His daughter, Mrs. Floretta James was selected as the temporary secretary of the ladies auxiliary. A strong Organizing Committee is functioning vigorously. We addressed a number of outside bodies, chiefly of the white group, on the movement. Ex-Governor Sweet personally bestirred himself in order to get me to address the University of Denver, but Holy Week intervened a vacation at the University. I spoke to the Forma Club on the Negro and Organized Labor. This is a club of college professors, students and labor leaders. Its meetings are held with a luncheon. It has had some of the best minds of the country before it. Questions usually follow the main talk. Brother Totten talked on the Employee Representation Plan. The questions and discussion which followed were illuminating and interesting. We were hospitably entertained by the Brotherhood men while there. The American Federation of Labor, here as elsewhere, lent us splendid assistance.

Omaha

In Omaha, our next stop, we found a high militant spirit. Here feeling pro and con on the organization has flamed high because of Bennie Smith's refusal to sign the Pullman Company's agreement for the eight per cent increase at the last wage conference at which he was a delegate. At our meetings here, standing room was at a premium. Mayor Dolman gave an address of welcome at our first meeting.

A group of splendid women, selected by the porters, arranged an elaborate and elegant banquet for us, at which I spoke on the Brotherhood and the future of the Negro. Omaha is one of our strongest points. In Omaha a large measure of the success of our movement is due to the vigorous and efficient work of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Hawkins.

We made a return visit to Kansas City, Missouri, and St. Louis. In both centers we have set up strong, capable Organizing Committees, and they are doing fine work. In St. Louis, Dr. W. C. Bridges is serving as the local secretary. He is doing splendid work for the movement. Mr. W. B. Harrison is the local secretary-treasurer in Kansas City, Mo. Despite the fear which once handicapped the progress of the movement in St. Louis, the men are steadily flowing into the Union. Our return to Chicago was greeted with a monster mass meeting. Here Messrs. M. P. Webster and George A. Price, organizer and secretary-treasurer respectively, are pushing the movement with intelligence and vigor, despite aggressive and determined opposition. Mr. Berry, the Field Agent, is also doing splendid work.

At the University of Chicago, through the invitation of the Interracial Committee of the University, I spoke at the school on the trend of Organized Labor in America, on the 23rd of May. Questions followed the talk.

New York

In New York, packed enthusiastic weekly meetings are being held, Sunday, June 13th, a big mass meeting was arranged by Rev. A. Clayton Powell of the Abyssinia Baptist Church for the Brotherhood. Dr. Powell unequivocally and clearly registered his support and endorsement of the Brotherhood, styling its leader as a prophet.

In New York, W. H. DesVerney, Assistant Organizer, and S. E. Grain, Field Agent, and Frank R. Crosswaith, Special Organizer, are doing constructive work. Brother Roy Lancaster, the able General Secretary-Treasurer, reports a rapidly mounting membership. His books are some of the most creditable in the history of Negro organizations.

Boston

Brother L. J. Benjamin of Boston is working hard to bring Boston up to the stand of the other districts. In order to awaken Boston, A. L. Totten, the militant and capable Second Assistant Organizer, was sent there to work for two or more weeks. He addressed the Twentieth Century Club, The League of Neighbors, The New Thought Forum and many other leading bodies of Boston. He secured the assistance of Mr. John Orth, one of Boston's leading and most influential citizens, a humanist and champion of the rights of all oppressed peoples, regardless of race, creed, color or class, and through persistent hard work, he staged a meeting which I addressed that stirred all Boston. It was one of the largest mass meetings Boston has ever seen. The opposition was completely routed. Now the men in Boston are flowing into the Union.

Washington

A big mass meeting was held in Washington, June 20th, it was conducted under the auspices of the Washington Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, Neval H. Thomas, President of the Branch, presided.

The Washington meeting was an overwhelming success. Professor Thomas and Miss Borroughs made stirring talks for the Brotherhood. The message of the General Organizer was enthusiastically received and applauded. A large number of new members joined. Roy Lancaster, General Secretary-Treasurer, made a brief talk.

Apparently, the Pullman Company is using Bibb, McNeal and Company as tools to try to inconvenience me, knowing that they haven't got a chance in the world to win.

The Ladies Auxiliaries of New York and Chicago recently gave a beautiful reception in honor of the General Organizer. The Auxiliaries everywhere are doing splendid work.

A. P. R.

Binding the Worker

(*Continued from page* 212)

but simply because he could not afford to spare the money. Because his moving from one city to another or his changing of his job, the worker does not desire to invest money in any corporation, for he well knows that this binds him to a certain job. And even if he does invest 25 or 50 or 100 dollars, what say or control does he have in the management of a great corporation? Nothing, indeed, as we all know!

Where group insurance is in force, the worker must be employed for a certain length of time before he can profit by it. Thus again we see the attempt to enslave the worker to his job, just as in the days of feudalism the feudal lord bound his slaves to the land. Yes, industrial feudalism is advancing.

Freedom of the worker to join a union; to strike; even to quit his job is forbidden. Such is the effects wherever any one of these various plans are in practice. But the workers who long for freedom will not long tolerate such conditions. The free American worker will not allow himself to be treated as a chattel. The independent worker despises paternalism in industry; he wants to have his own organization which will assist him in his battles with his employer. The free and independent working man does not want the "favors" of his boss; he and his union fights for better conditions and higher wages; he does not wait for the good will of his employer. The workers cannot long be fooled by "schemes" and panaceas which promise him all sorts of benefits. He cannot long be satisfied with the kind words of his employer nor with the few things that the employer does give him. The illusion of justice and freedom which the company unions promise him cannot long hold the worker's mind, regardless how credulous or gullible he may be for the moment. Industrial peace will only come when industrial democracy rules supreme.

Our Next Step

(*Continued from page* 218)

do not see the trials and failures and struggles which these men have voluntarily encountered in order to gain their experience; have no knowledge of the sacrifice they have made, of the undaunted efforts they have put forth, of the faith they have exercised, that they might overcome the apparently insurmountable and realize the *vision* of their heart and their life. They do not know of the darkness and the heartaches; they only see the light and joy, and call it "luck"; they do not see the long and arduous journey, but only behold the pleasant goal, and call it "good fortune"; they do not understand the process, but only perceive the result, and call it "chance." In all human affairs there are efforts and results, and the strength of the effort is a measure of the result. Chance is not. "Gifts," "powers," "material, intellectual and spiritual possession," are all the fruits of effort, application, perseverance. They are thoughts completed, objects accomplished, visions realized.

Thus, brethern and fellow workers, the vision that you glorify in your mind, the ideal that you enthrone in your heart, this you will build your life by, this you will become. It is not chance. It is work, faith, courage, love.

Again, let me bid you onward, forward, upward. Let us work on and not grow weary. Let us fight on and not lose faith.

Your faithful servant,

A. Philip Randolph.

The Mosquito

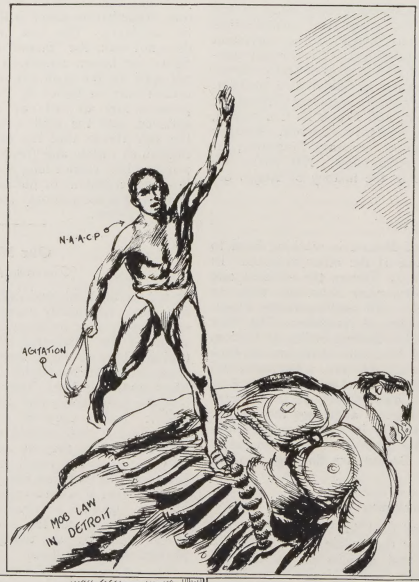
I detect melodious buzzing, that prefaces attack;
It penetrates my snoring when I'm lying on my back,
I sit eyes shut a moment, my senses half awake,
I stretch out for my slipper, for my life is then at stake.
I light a spluttering candle—see—it hovers on the wing,
One mighty swipe—I hold my breath—I've missed the blessed thing.
Zing! bang! relentlessly my pursuit: I swear that it shall die,
Crash—I've hit it! No I've missed it. Drat the beastly fly!
Hush! Like a supplicant I crawl, upon my head and knees.
To where my enemy's ensign, flaps in the midnight breeze,
Wallop!—I see seven stars at once—a bump swells on my head!
Jug overturned—bed upside down, but the mosquito—Dead!

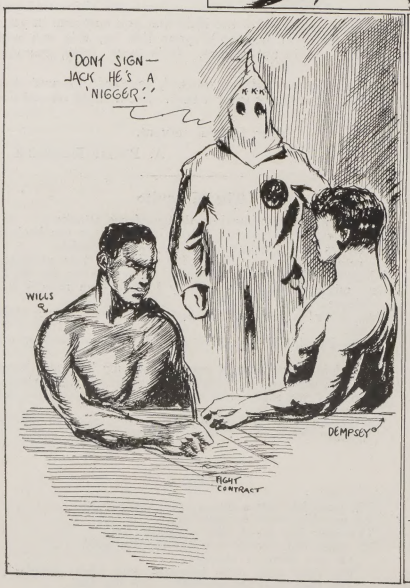
Aguah Laluah.

Memory

The past has gone, like a man that's dead,
To pay his vows to eternity,
The past has gone, like a parted soul,
To place his myrrh and glimmering gold
On the altar of eternity:
But dead men walk unheard, with silent tread—
The past goes blatant, with a foot like lead.

Edward S. Silvera.


N.A.A.C.P.
AGITATION
MOB LAW IN DETROIT


'DONT SIGN— JACK HE'S A 'NIGGER!'
K K K
WILLS
DEMPSEY
FIGHT CONTRACT

'HERE'S THE SUPREME COURT DECISION— YOU CANNOT BUY PROPER WHERE WHITE PEOPLE LIVE.'
FOR SALE
'AREN'T WE AMERICAN CITIZENS? FATHER.'

The Critic

(*Continued from page 210*)

sociological, and biographical study of colored Cincinnatians. He has several chapters devoted to race-mixing and although he has not the Carnegie millions behind him, he has produced a book as valuable, germane, and consequential, as "Mongrel Virginians" is inconsequential and remote.

Dabney, who was born in 1865, and was former paymaster of the Cincinnati, has had an interesting career and a wealth of valuable reminiscences which he has related in most pleasing and engaging style. His description of levee life in the good old days I read over and over again for its sheer luxury of style, equal to that of Lafcadio Hearn's description of "Bucktown" quoted in the book.

Among the subjects dealt with are politics, race relations, economic conditions, crime, biographies of the leading, as well as many of the humble, citizens; sanitary conditions, in short a pretty thorough study of colored Cincinnati, all based on his own rich experience. It would be impossible to do it anything near justice in an article many times this length. If the Carnegie Institute of Washington really wants to learn what Negro life is in a given community I recommend them to this book. I recommend it also to every one who reads, or is interested in the race question, for although it deals with Cincinnati, it is sufficiently broad in its scope to be of nation-wide interest.

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An article in a Chicago paper declared that Dabney had been given thirty days to get out of the city by certain white people because of exposures in this book. Living as he had done there all these years he knows many of those who have crossed "the line" and are now numbered among the leading white families.

Among his reminiscenes is the following:

"An old white-haired aristocrat, one of whose sons climbed to topmost heights in American political history, drove from his garden several boys. To one more stubborn than the others he angrily said, 'Get out, you little nigger.' The little boy ran through the gate and yelled, 'My grandma say you is a nigger yourself.' The old man 'folded his tent and quietly stole away.' Not many years later his son, a magnificent specimen of intellectual and physical manhood, was probably kept from the presidency by the **bar sinister**, that dark strain that lost one of our presidents thousands of votes before the confiscation of the book, giving his family tree, that nearly ruined his chances for the White House."

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Colored Cincinnati is fortunate in having so able a biographer as Mr. Dabney.

The Marching Song of the Fighting Brotherhood

WE WILL SING ONE SONG

Air: (My Old Kentucky Home)

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave
The horn-handed son of toil
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave
But his masters reap the profit of his toil.
Then we'll sing one song of our one Big Brotherhood
The hope of the Porters and Maids
It's coming fast it is sweeping sea and wood
To the terror of the grafters and the slaves.

CHORUS

Organize! Oh Porters come organize your might,
Then we'll sing one song of our one Big Brotherhood,
Full of beauty, full of love and light.

Who's Who

When Nevel H. Thomas was first promoted to the head of the local association many felt that he was perhaps too outspoken and incautious for safe leadership even of an agitative organization, but experience easily proves that when one is in the right he can hardly be over insistent. Even those who are opposed to one's position will respect and admire uncompromising courage when they know in their heart of hearts that his course of action is just and right. It requires two types of temperament to effect reform. John Brown and Abraham Lincoln were the complements of each other; John Brown, with reckless courage and sacrifice to blast away at the evil foundation; and Abraham Lincoln for safe, constructive endeavor. The militant organization of the Negro race today must first of all be militant. It must fight discrimination and prejudice without compromise. Other types of temperament will do the safe and sane constructive work.

Nevel H. Thomas has consecrated himself to the cause of human rights as a sacred religion. He enters the conflict as upon a holy war. He gives not only his services but himself with complete detachment without fear of consequences or hope of reward. He devotes every moment of his time outside of his stated livelihood to the welfare of his race. During all of his career he has never received or expected one cent remuneration for his services. You cannot buy devotion with dollars any more than you can purchase the gift of God with money. He spurns material compensation as filthy lucre proffered as reward for the performance of duty due to God. He would no more think of accepting a salary for this service any more than a priest would accept pay for prayer. Our one conspicuous, militant organization is fortunate indeed in having in the key position at the National Capitol a man of such militant spirit at such a time as this.—*Excerpt from release of Kelly Miller.*

Attention Porters: Don't fail to send your change of address into the office. 2311 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

NOTICE TO OUT OF TOWN PORTERS

Here Is Where the Brotherhood Meets in New York City and When:

ST. LUKE'S HALL

125 WEST 130th STREET

New York City

For the Month of July:

Friday the Ninth

Friday the Sixteenth

Wednesday the Twenty-first

Friday the Thirtieth

All meetings begin promptly at 8:30 P.M.

Every porter should consider it a duty and a privilege to attend these meetings, in order to hear A. Philip Randolph, and keep informed of developments in the rapid forward conquering march of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters.

A Message to the Slacker Porter

ARE YOU A MAN?

By W. R. SHIELDS

I do not ask my friend, if you
Were born a Gentile or a Jew
A Buddhist, or Mohammedan:—
I only ask, are you a man?

It matters not, my friend, to me
If you are black as black can be,
Or colored red, or brown, or tan:—
I ask but this, are you a man?

I care not, brother, whence you came,
Nor do I seek to know your name,
Your race, religion, creed or clan:—
I want to know if you're a man.

I care not if you're homely quite,
Or handsome as an angel bright,
If you, throughout your little span,
Have only shown yourself a man.

I think that most men think like that,
They hate a weakling, loathe a rat;
They've always liked, since time began,
One who is first and last a man.

Join the Brotherhood and BE A MAN!

ADMISSION FEE, $5.00

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

To the BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS

2311 Seventh Avenue, New York City

..... 19....

I, ...
(Give Name in Full)

Address .....

City .....State .....

do hereby respectfully make application for membership in LOCAL DIVISION No.....

BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS, and if admitted agree to abide by the laws, rules and regulations that have been made or may hereafter be adopted for its government.

Date of Birth .....How long in the Service .....

.....
Proposer

.....
Reference

.....
Reference

Admitted .....19....

Fee Paid .....19....

Employed by .....

.....
Signature of Applicant

.....

.....
Investigation Committee